Saturday Review

MAY 27, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

NEHRU

"MY LEGACY TO INDIA? HOPEFULLY, IT IS 400,000,000 PEOPLE CAPABLE OF GOVERNING THEMSELVES."

—*"Talk With The PM," By Norman Cousins*

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MR-MRS ROGER FRANKLIN
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PUTNEY VT

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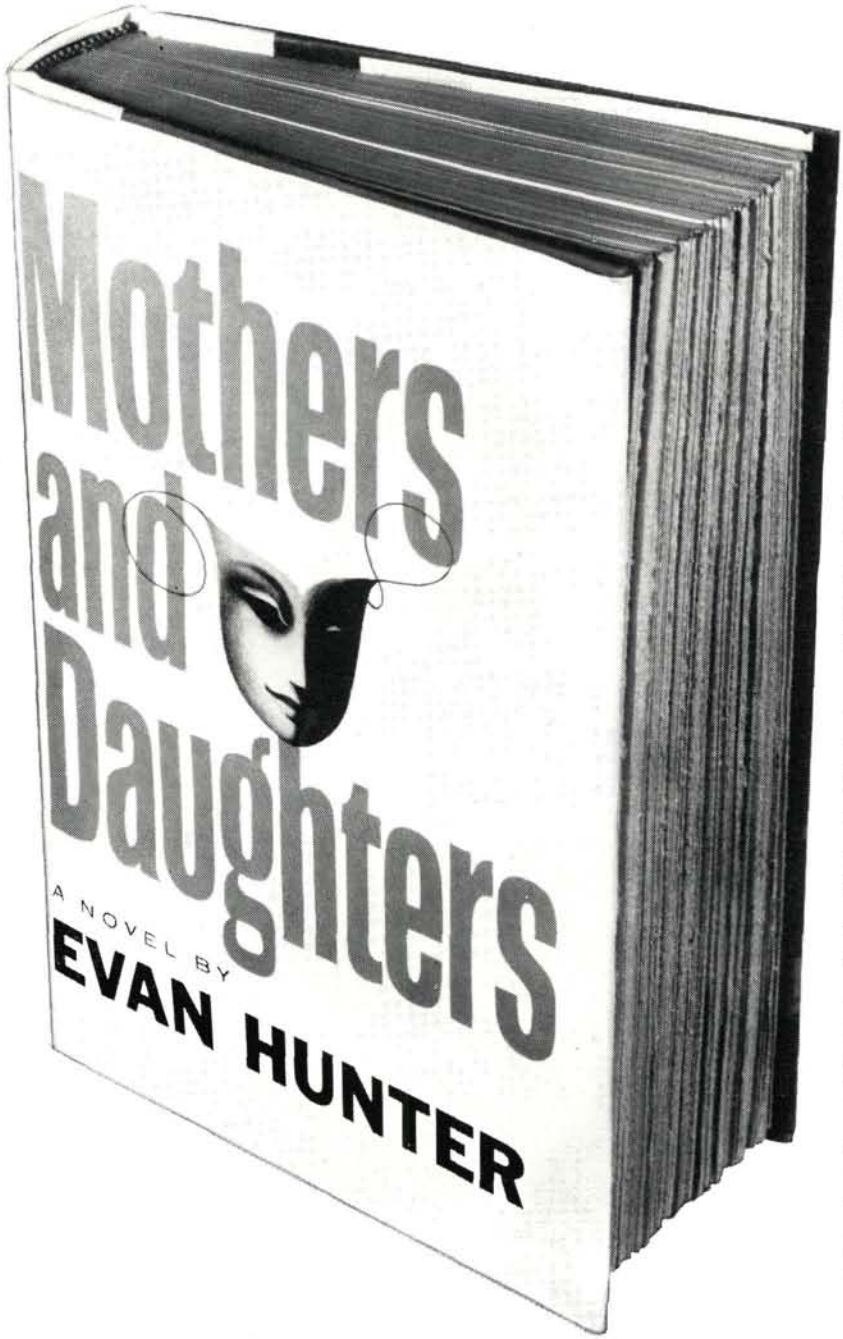
EVAN HUNTER'S *new and major novel is an anatomy of love in our time*



How do parents indelibly affect their children's capacity to love?

How do mothers transmit to their daughters their own experience of fulfillment or disappointment — of passion or fear or hatred of men?

These are the themes of Evan Hunter's big, deeply felt novel, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

It is the story of four women in pursuit of fulfillment: Julia, the frustrated wife who seizes her one chance for love; Gillian, who wants both marriage and a career in the theatre; Amanda, the romantic dreamer; Kate, the adolescent.

Their search for love spans 20 crucial years of changing attitudes towards the relationship between parents and children, between men and women. It begins on a college campus in the 1940's. It follows the protagonists through war and peace, through marriages and love affairs and the growing-up of sons and daughters. It ends today with Kate — very much the Young Girl of the 60's beginning her own search for love on a path her mother would never have dared to take — today's custodian of the American image of love as it is reshaped and transmitted from generation to generation of

Mothers and Daughters

Just published. $5.95 at all bookstores. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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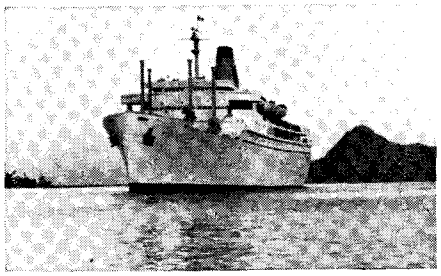
TO PORTS OF PARADISE

IN SEA-ROVING LUXURY



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A TRADITION OF LUXURY

Saturday Review

MAY 27, 1961

Cover design by Pageant Studio.

SR/IDEAS

10 Talk with the PM, by Norman Cousins

24 Vital Statistics, 1961: An Editorial

SR/MUSIC

34 The Canada Council, by Eric McLean

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Phoenix Nest, edited by Martin Levin

6 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller

9 Chess Corner, by Al Horowitz

19 Literary I.Q.

25 Letters to the Editor

26 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes applauds Sir Laurence Olivier's new performance in "Becket."

27 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight finds two films especially for children.

28 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on the new FCC chairman's challenge to broadcasters.

31 Literary Crypt

59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1418

SR/BOOKS

14 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks discusses "The Fox and the Camellias," by Ignazio Silone.

15 Foreign Aid, by Thomas S. Loeber

16 Reconsiderations, by Arnold J. Toynbee; The Intent of Toynbee's History, edited by Edward T. Gargan

17 The Age of Reason, by Sir Harold Nicolson

18 The South Sea Bubble, by John Carswell; The Great Swindle, by Virginia Cowles

19 Hear Us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place, by Malcolm Lowry

20 Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel, by John Cheever

22 Pick of the Paperbacks

29 Essay reviews of four titles on Dostoevsky and Turgenev

31 Criminal Record

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This week there are two books of special interest, and they're a study in contrasts. One, for children, is a shower of hailstones and colors. The other, very adult, has been met with an early shower of praise and may yet reap a few brickbats.

The Religious Factor, by sociologist Gerhard Lenski, is an inquiry with eyebrow-raising results. How do Catholics, Jews, Negro and White Protestants differ in views and values—and how do they progress in society? Even to ask the question these days takes courage. Lenski's conclusions indicate that the religious factor has a great deal to do not only with a person's progress, but with his installment purchases, pleasure in his occupation and family, and his voting habits. Recalling the angry mail during the last campaign when Joseph Alsop suggested that there was a "Jewish vote," this report, which comes out of Detroit, seems likely to reverberate everywhere.

Mary O'Neill and Leonard Weisgard have their own measure of courage, too. In a beautiful little book, *Hailstones and Halibut Bones*, they take on the job of describing colors to children. It seems easy enough when they try with gold ("Gold is a metal, gold is a ring," etc.), but it's magic when they get to purple ("There's a purple jam and purple jell, and a purple bruise . . ."). They see a purple pout and describe the perfect purple sound. And their blacks make a fine list. ("Black is a smokestack, Black is a cat, a leopard, a raven, a high silk hat.")

Here's hoping the halibut bones that may descend on Dr. Lenski are as pleasant as Mary O'Neill's.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Hailstones and Halibut Bones: Adventures in Color ($2.95) by Mary O'Neill and *The Religious Factor* ($5.95) by Gerhard Lenski, are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from any of the 30 Doubleday Bookshops, one of which is located at 18 Adams Avenue, W., Detroit, Michigan.

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY ON THE NILE

By William B. Hesseltine and Hazel C. Wolf

The bizarre, often amusing history of 50 Union and Confederate officers who fled the rigors of peacetime in the 1870's to help the Khedive of Egypt modernize and expand his semibarbaric country. Illustrated. $5.00

THE PYRAMIDS

By Ahmed Fakhry

The mystery of the pyramids has long fired man's imagination. Dr. Fakhry has lived in their shadows and studied their secrets; his volume is both authoritative scientific tool and fascinating guidebook. Beautifully designed and vividly illustrated. $5.95

ANCIENT EGYPT

By Hermann Kees

Translated and edited by T. G. H. James

A leading Egyptologist surveys the successive phases of Old Egypt's development under the ever-dominant influence of the Nile, giving full attention to the latest archeological investigations. Many illustrations. $5.95

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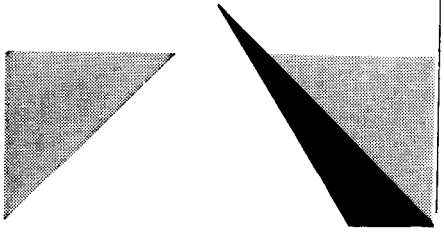

THE PHOENIX NEST

Thought for Food

Edited by Martin Levin

BARELY ENOUGH

WHEN a man decides to learn to cook, the first thing he learns about recipe books is that the italicized lines *"Serves 4"* or *"Serves 6"* must be taken with a large grain of salt (*Serves 1*).

The reason is that your average recipe book is put together by a woman, and your Average Woman tries to get the male at the table to eat only the amount she thinks he should have. Her trouble comes from her own Overweight, or Overbudgeting. The result is crankiness, scurvy, and divorce. *Serves Her Right.* And it's my belief that skimpy recipes account for the growing number of male cooks. After a few lean and hungry years with a recipe-conscious bride, the old boy grabs a skillet himself and goes in for a bit of plain and fancy recipe-doubling. Or, if he is really run down, tripling, which is mandatory with all "dinners-in-a-dish," those quick, thrifty casseroles of rice, or noodles, or leftover potatoes, or breakfast cereal, and one can of tuna, with a few strips of pimento "for color." (If you can't feed 'em, blind 'em.)

There's a book called, boldly, "Recipes for Two," whose women readers, I suppose, would rashly double its recipes and expect to serve four. Now the author's "Egg Omelet" on page 104 calls for just two eggs, so I leave you to your own famished conclusion. Her "Bologna Curls With Creamed Peas" uses four slices bologna, casings removed, "Escallopped Frankfurters" uses one-third pound of the main ingredient. See what I mean? Double every recipe in "Recipes for Two" and all you'd have would be "Starving for Four."

Even our old friend Fannie Farmer, I note, stretches one quart of oysters into something she calls "Oysters Louisiana," and says this *"Serves 6 to 8."* Trying to make us stay slender, Fannie?

I recently bought a copy of "Favorite Regional Recipes of America," in which a Denver lady suggests "Western Swiss Steak." It *"Serves 4,"* and from only two pounds round steak. I, Western born, have never known a male Westerner who'd fold his napkin contentedly after a one-fourth share of two pounds round steak, even when it's been stretched with tomatoes. Out West of Denver, lady, in Toppenish, in the real West . . . oh well! Everyone's against us hungry men. The other day I noted two nationally advertised chickens, speckled with sesame seeds and expected to *"Serve 8."* Eight what? Eight dieting midgets? For dessert I'd suggest one almond cookie, broken to bits, with the same mis-fortune for all.

I risk being accused of subversiveness, but I still recall wistfully the old Russian cookbook a refugee friend once translated. It was full of recipes for hearty, male-type eaters. No doubling necessary; *nyet* sirree! One I remember with special fondness was for a little snack called "Roast Bear."

"Skin a large bear and dress as usual," it began. And at the end of the lengthy, two-page instructions were the modest words: *"With the first two courses, and vegetable and fruit accompaniments, serves 50."*

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

• • •

THE COWPIKE AFFAIR

YEARS AGO the publicity director of Paramount Pictures in Hollywood was a man named George Brown. Mr. Brown was both amiable and shrewd. He was a man who had fought his way to the top without benefit of formal education. Most so-called self-made men who never made it through the elementary grades are inclined to be contemptuous of college-bred people, but George Brown took the opposite view—he had enormous respect for anybody with a university background.

One day a young man named Bernie Kamins applied for a job at Paramount and after he identified himself as a recent graduate of Harvard, Mr. Brown unhesitatingly put him to work. One of Mr. Brown's chief assistants assigned Mr. Kamins to the job of publicizing Westerns. Mr. Kamins knew nothing whatever about cowboy pictures or cowboy literature, but he set to work with a will. He went into the files to find out how other people had handled their publicity matter on Westerns. In one of these mimeographed releases Mr. Kamins came upon the word "cowpike." It was a typographical mistake and should have been cowpoke, but Mr. Kamins didn't know that and so, when he started writing his own copy on the current horse operas, he frequently referred to cowboys as cowpikes.

Now it happens that Mr. Kamins's immediate boss was a fellow who didn't like college men, and especially Har-

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vard men, and so instead of correcting Mr. Kamins, he went to George Brown and complained.

"That new guy Kamins," he said, "is a real jerkenheimer. He insists on calling cowboys cowpikes."

"So, what *should* he call them?" demanded Mr. Brown.

"Why, *cowpokes*, of course."

"Listen, Gene," said Mr. Brown, "let's get one thing straight right now. That boy is a graduate of Harvard. If he says it's cowpike then, goddamn it, it's cowpike."

And cowpike it was for the duration of Mr. Kamins's employment at Paramount. —H. ALLEN SMITH.

• • •

NAMING THE BABY
(In Ancient Egypt)

"DEAR, we can't put off naming the baby any longer. Any suggestions?"

"Gee, I don't know, darling. We mentioned something about the name Psammetichus, but—well, I don't like it too well, do you?"

"Not overly. I knew a boy years ago named Psammetichus, and I didn't like him at all. I suppose it's just a matter of association or something, but—"

"How about Necho?"

"Well, Necho isn't too bad, but it doesn't send me a hundred per cent. Let's see. . . . How about Tutankhamen?"

"Darling, you know as well as I do that you give a kid a name like that and everybody and his dog's going to call him Tut. Do you like Rameses at all?"

"Rameses isn't bad. That's crossed my mind."

"We could call him Ramie, which'd be sort of cute. I rather like Rameses."

"Well, let's hold that one back for serious consideration. You don't care for Thotmes, I suppose."

"Thotmes is such a common name."

"Does Aahmes strike you at all? Of course, that's sort of common too, but—"

"Hey, I've got an idea! What would you think of naming him Amenhotep, after his grandfather? It'd sure please the old man, and—"

"And then Rameses for a middle name?"

"Amenhotep Rameses! Hey, I like that! How about you?"

"I do too! I really do! Well, it looks like Amenhotep Rameses it is."

"Amenhotep Rameses."

"Dear, little Amenhotep Rameses is crying again, and I think he probably needs changing, and I have some things cooking out in the kitchen I'm afraid'll burn, so would you mind very much, just this once—" —VERNON H. KURTZ.

EUROPE-BOUND?

I'm addressing this

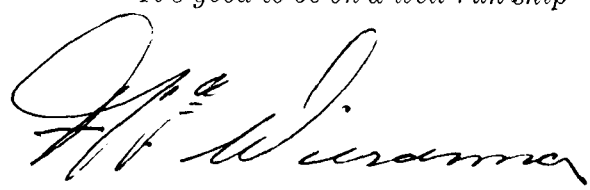
TO WIVES ONLY

Your husband may not tell you this, but he's doing two men's work right now, getting ready for the trip. A busy, successful businessman or professional man just can't leave for a vacation in Europe without a whirlwind of extra planning and working and worrying. By the time he says goodbye to the office you can be sure of this: he'll be tense and tired.

Help him unwind before you start your Grand Tour (and after you've completed it). Make him slow down for a few days. *Sail* across the Atlantic on one of the famous ships of the Holland-America Line. And, if you can afford it, go *first class*. Any man who has worked hard for a trip to Europe deserves the luxury, the service, the food, and the fun of first class travel. It's one of the great experiences.

No, first class service is not inexpensive but, if you can afford it, I think you'll find I'm not overstating when I say you'll have an unforgettable voyage, both you *and* your husband. You owe yourselves the experience—at least once in your lifetime!

"It's good to be on a well-run ship"



FREDERICK R. WIERDSMA
RESIDENT DIRECTOR
AND GENERAL MANAGER

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y.

THE ROTTERDAM, NIEUW AMSTERDAM, STATENDAM AND MAASDAM—CALLING AT IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, HOLLAND. IDEAL CONNECTIONS FOR GERMANY, SCANDINAVIA, SWITZERLAND AND ALL EUROPE.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

When is a symbol not a symbol?

OUR SERVICE MARK (that's it below, on the left) doesn't seem to be *projecting*, and we don't know why. It's big and bold, as you can see, and not unattractive. It includes a distinctive slogan. It has an eagle. But apparently it doesn't project Nationwide.

How we found out about this, we got a news release from some marketing consultants in New York. They'd done a research study on the symbols used by six banks and discovered that people didn't even associate the symbols with banks, let alone the right banks.

We decided to prove to ourselves that *our* symbol wasn't like those. Pasting one to a piece of cardboard, a volunteer went out on the street. Half an hour later he was back, crestfallen.

"They don't *know* us out there," he said, handing in his notes. He'd shown the service mark to 15 passersby, and only three had identified it with Nationwide. Some of the other responses:

- Man, about 50: "It probably stands for National something, but I don't know what."
- Woman, mid-30's: "Is it an airline? National Airlines?"
- Girl, 10: "The Navy, I think. My brother was in the Navy."
- Elderly woman: "I wish I could tell you, but I don't get out much."
- Teen-age girl: "It's a school, I'd guess. Northwestern?"
- Elderly man: "Reminds me of the old NRA sign. Remember that?"
- Woman, early 40's: "I think I saw it once. Is it a bank?"

That's the way it went.

Frankly, we think something should be done about our symbol. We've had it nearly six years, and we're used to it. But what good is a symbol if it's not symbolic?

If you have any suggestions, we'd appreciate receiving them. (Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.) Meanwhile, we'll remain calm, write a staff report, set up a committee. We may even take another survey.

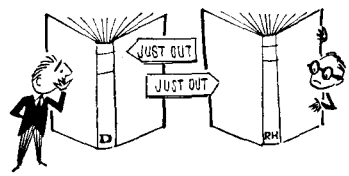
Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

THERE IS NOTHING better designed to create that sinking feeling in publishing houses than the appearance of two books at approximately the same time on the same subject. This is just what happened recently in the case of "The Men Who Robbed Brink's" (Random



House, April 11) and "The Great Brink's Holdup" (Doubleday, April 21).

Doubleday ran into serious trouble at the start, when Sid Feder tragically died before finishing the book (Joe Dineen completed the job). Both Random House and author Bob Considine were unaware of the Doubleday version (as Doubleday was of the Random House version) until both books were in print. By then it was too late to do anything about it.

"I guess it won't do either of us any good," Tony Gibbs of Doubleday lamented. "We discovered along about the end of March that Random House was bringing out a similar book, and I think they learned about our plans at about the same time. It's a sad thing all around."

Bennett Cerf told us the only thing was to shrug it off. "We're good friends of Doubleday, and I'm afraid it was just one of those things," he said. "And to make things even more ironic, Doubleday publishes my books!"

A FASCINATING NEW book is "The Good Food Guide for Great Britain," compiled by Raymond Postgate and distributed in this country by Taplinger. Mr. Postgate, writing as a sort of John Bull Duncan Hines, speaks with blunt directness in his warning to the innkeepers:

"Any person who represents himself as able to secure, or to prevent, an entry in the Guide should be treated by the innkeeper as an impostor," he says.

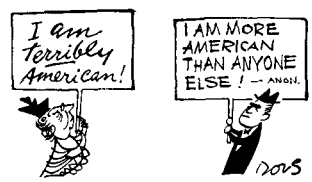
Speaking of the Spread Eagle at Witham, Essex, he writes: "This is an old inn, with a dark, heavily beamed dining room, once entered in the Guide, once dropped, and apparently now too huffed to answer inquiries. . . . Open all year; praise God, no television."

And along about the middle of the book, Mr. Postgate comes out with a stern warning to his readers to keep their reports coming in: "No reports from members—no Good Food Guide in the future. This is addressed to *you*."

IN AN EFFORT to create better understanding and reason in a world that needs both, a small bookshop called the World Affairs Center opened recently in Westport, Connecticut, under the sponsorship of three churches, one synagogue, the local Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the American Friends Service Committee, and several other organizations of the highest caliber. At the opening ceremonies were some of the leading citizens of the community, people interested in the search for world peace and the strengthening of the United Nations.

The activities had no sooner started than a group of men appeared on the narrow sidewalk in front of the store, carrying placards reading: "Does Westport condone Communism?" "Better Dead than Red," etc.

When questioned, the sign carriers



refused to identify themselves, refused to state whom they represented, and merely answered, "We are Americans."

Said the Westport *Town Crier:* "Of course, Westporters know that these particular allegations [from the sign-carriers] are sheer nonsense. We *know* the men and women who have organized this useful device to increase interest in the great world effort to find a way to conduct the affairs of nations without war. We *know* that they are neither Communist sympathizers nor naïve do-gooders. And we wish that the ignorant, the uninformed, and the anonymous defamers would please stay out of our business."

For this anonymous group of hecklers, we might pass along the by-laws of a new organization a friend of ours is forming called UN-SANE:

1. Anyone who disagrees with us is a Communist. There are no exceptions to this rule. This makes for easier, all-around classification.

2. The best way to save the world for Democracy is to incinerate it. There might be a couple of chunks left in orbit, even if a little messy.

3. A hot war is better than a cold

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war, and the best solution to all our problems. This avoids the trouble of creative thinking or annoying arbitration, and there will be nothing left anyway to worry about, except as specified in Paragraph 2.

4. Anyone who supports the U.N. is a square. There are too many foreigners in it. And the U.N. makes it necessary to consider our actions in the light of world opinion, and to give consideration to other countries. This is a bore.

5. The best way to compete with Communists is to adopt their methods. To strengthen democracy and help make it tick is too much like work.

6. All members are required to take this oath: "We will drink one full glass of Strontium 90 each morning with our oatmeal. We might get to like it. In fact, we'll have to."

FORTUNATELY, there are a good many Americans who are working toward peace at a time when sanity often seems out of fashion. Ex-newspaperman Richard Hudson is out to prove that people are interested enough in the practical problems of organizing peace to support a periodical devoted exclusively to that subject. Nine months ago he returned to this country from his beat in South America to publish the first monthly issue of *War/Peace Report*. Lead article for his first issue is by Senator Hubert H. Humphrey.

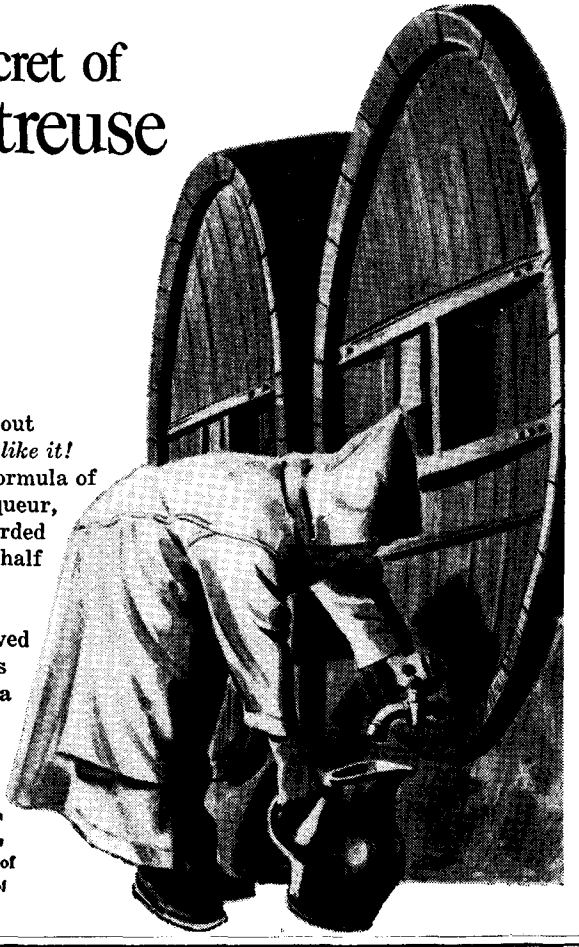
SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN, who has made all the architecture of early America come alive in his Hastings House books of photographs and etchings, has done an abrupt about-face in his latest photographic narrative. The subject: Rockefeller Center.

BARNEY ROSSET, of Grove Press, is a hard man to keep down. He had no sooner recovered from the Lady Chat-

terley fracas than he decided to bring out Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," one of the books most often smuggled into the country by homeward-bound tourists from Paris. U.S. Customs officials have not been the least hospitable to Mr. Miller's works, even though he has been lauded by several reputable critics. It's the old question of whether the Customs gentlemen are well enough equipped to tell Americans what they can and cannot read. And, whether you approve of Henry Miller

the secret of Chartreuse

1605



The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The rest, the top secret formula of this rare, after-dinner liqueur, has remained closely guarded for well over three and a half centuries at a Monastery high in the French Alps. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice—does delicious things to vanilla ice cream or fresh or frozen fruit.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

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AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

THEATRE & ACADEMY

STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT

1961 REPERTORY SEASON JUNE 6 THRU SEPT. 10

JACK LANDAU, Artistic Director

JESSICA TANDY

PAT HINGLE KIM HUNTER

appearing with the **FESTIVAL ACTING COMPANY** in

MACBETH ▼ AS YOU LIKE IT

TROILUS & CRESSIDA

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE — Evenings at 8:30, Matinees at 3:00
MAC (Macbeth), AYLI (As You Like It), T&C (Troilus and Cressida)

Week of:	Tues. Eve.	Wed. Mat.	Wed. Eve.	Thurs. Eve.	Fri. Eve.	Sat. Mat.	Sat. Eve.	Sun. Mat.
June 6-June 11	6 AYLI	7 AYLI	7 AYLI	8 MAC	9 MAC	10 MAC	10 AYLI*	11 MAC
June 13-June 18	13 MAC	14 MAC	14 AYLI	15 AYLI**	16 MAC**	17 AYLI	17 MAC	18 AYLI
June 20-June 25	20 MAC	21 AYLI	21 MAC	22 AYLI	23 AYLI	24 MAC	24 AYLI	25 MAC
June 27-July 2	27 AYLI	28 MAC	28 AYLI	29 MAC	30 MAC	1 AYLI	1 MAC	2 AYLI
July 4-July 9	4 MAC	5 AYLI	5 MAC	6 AYLI	7 AYLI	8 MAC	8 AYLI	9 MAC
July 11-July 16	11 AYLI	12 MAC	12 AYLI	13 MAC	14 MAC	15 AYLI	15 MAC	16 AYLI
July 18-July 23	18 T&C	19 T&C	19 AYLI	20 MAC	21 T&C*	22 AYLI	22 T&C	23 T&C**
July 25-July 30	25 AYLI	26 MAC	26 T&C	27 AYLI	28 MAC	29 T&C	29 AYLI	30 MAC
Aug. 1-Aug. 6	1 T&C	2 AYLI	2 MAC	3 T&C	4 AYLI	5 MAC	5 T&C	6 AYLI
Aug. 8-Aug. 13	8 MAC	9 T&C	9 AYLI	10 MAC	11 T&C	12 AYLI	12 MAC	13 T&C
Aug. 15-Aug. 20	15 AYLI	16 MAC	16 T&C	17 AYLI	18 MAC	19 T&C	19 AYLI	20 MAC
Aug. 22-Aug. 27	22 T&C	23 AYLI	23 MAC	24 T&C	25 AYLI	26 MAC	26 T&C	27 AYLI
Aug. 29-Sept. 3	29 MAC	30 T&C	30 AYLI	31 MAC	1 T&C	2 AYLI	2 MAC	3 T&C
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or not, there are many who think that neither the postman nor the customs man at the dock should have this right.

REGARDLESS OF WHAT happens to Henry Miller and Grove Press, student Dave Allswang at the University of California reports one small victory on the censorship front. He writes that he received a package from Joe Saltzman, editor of the university's *Daily Trojan*, with the following statement on the front of the envelope:

"To THE POSTMAN: This package contains possible obscene matter; enclosed is a reprint of the most outrageous parts of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'; 'Ulysses'; and 'Lolita'; several novels by Henry Miller; and a full description of the secrets of Moll Flanders which De-Foe couldn't have known. Please inform the proper authorities."

"You will be pleased to know," writes Mr. Allswang, "that the envelope arrived unscathed."

THE FINAL WORD on the "moving forward" of the publication date of Sylvia Porter's book "How to Get More for Your Money" from April to May might well be the note we received from Halsey Stevens, visiting professor at the Yale University School of Music. He states that Mrs. Malaprop should really settle the controversy, when she says:

"Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past—so mind, young people—our retrospection will now be all to the future."

KATE STEICHEN has been hard at work on a new geographical twister that may well drive cartographers to heavy drink. She has succeeded in creating unlikely towns for all but eighteen states of the Union, in the following fashion: Noah's, Ark.; Ex, Conn.; Outsidemy, Ken.; Near, Miss.; Hoot, Mon.; Either, Ore.; Ballpoint, Penn.; Fiveand, Tenn.

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—JOHN G. FULLER.

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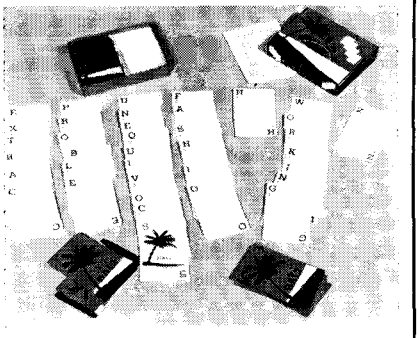

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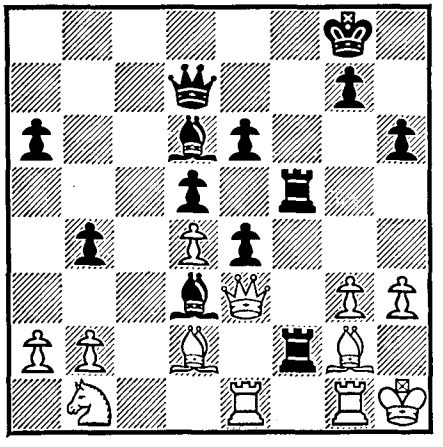
Chess Corner No. 53

THE tactical weapons of a game of chess range over a wide variety of motifs, such as the pin, the fork, the removal of the guard, double and discovered attacks, Queening combinations, underpromotion, X-ray attacks, trapped man, and others. Most of these are of the meat-axe group; that is, they involve a combination that includes the sacrifice of material and bludgeoning persuasion in order to recover more material or to expose the enemy King to easy penetration. There is, however, one motif rarely encountered in over-the-board play which exercises the light, delicate touch. It is called *zugzwang*. *Zugzwang* (German for "move compulsion") is the situation of a player whose moves are so restricted that any move he chooses will impair his defense seriously or fatally. In these circumstances, if the player did not have to move, he could maintain a reasonably sound position. Illustrative is the following game, often referred to as "the immortal *zugzwang*."

QUEEN'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	F. Samisch White		A. Nimzovich Black	
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	13 NxN	BxN
2	P-QB4	P-K3	14 P-KR3	Q-Q2
3	N-KB3	P-QN3	15 K-R2	N-R4
4	P-KN3	B-N2	16 B-Q2	P-B4
5	B-N2	B-K2	17 Q-Q1	P-N5
6	N-QB3	O-O	18 N-N1	B-QN4
7	O-O	P-Q4	19 R-N1	B-Q3
8	N-K5	P-QB3	20 P-K4	BPxP
9	PxP	BPxP	21 QxN	RxP
10	B-KB4	P-QR3	22 Q-N5	QR-KB1
11	R-QB1	P-QN4	23 K-R1	R(B1)-B4
12	Q-N3	N-QB3	24 Q-K3	B-Q6
		25 QR-K1 Resigns		P-KR3



Note that not a single white piece can move without subjecting white to loss of material.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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Saturday Review
MAY 27, 1961

TALK WITH THE PM

By NORMAN COUSINS

THE MORE one knows about India today, the more admiration one has for the courage of the man who is willing to be its Prime Minister. All large nations have problems. But at least they are nations. India is still in the process of finding itself as a nation. It is a shared historical experience, an accumulation of anguished memories, a community of hopes. It is a wild assortment of centuries, with all the ages of man in visible collision. And it is the world's most prodigious bundle of paradoxes, with endless evidence to support opposing conclusions. But it is not now a nation, not yet. For India, after fourteen years of independence, is still engaged in the vast enterprise of creating a political unity. It is struggling to harmonize more than a dozen linguistic groupings into a national society.

Such tasks in the modern world border on the miraculous. And the miracle man to whom all groups have turned is the "P.M."—the shorthand and somewhat affectionate reference to Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of India since its birth. He is also the unifying symbol of modern India, to whom the mantle of Gandhi has passed.

In 1947, when India won its freedom from Great Britain, any historian would have been reluctant to predict a prolonged tenure for the new Prime Minister. The assassination of the beloved Gandhi, founder of the country, was only one manifestation of a multiple upheaval. The new leader would have to deal with a large inventory of actual and potential chaos, including:

1. Partition. The breakup of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan had resulted in one of the most tragic episodes in human history, with twelve million people becoming refugees. Seventy million Moslems were part of the new state of Pakistan; forty million Moslems remained in India. All the combustible materials were present for a resumption of the communal violence that had taken place during partition. Moreover, the Moslems had to be protected—and the protector would have to be the Prime Minister—a precarious enterprise in itself.

2. Sectarian troubles. The materials for creating a national political unity were scarce and almost unmanageable. The dominant religion tended to be a barrier to consolidation. It was not just a matter of bridging gaps between high castes and low, between Brahmins and untouchables. It was a matter of hundreds upon hundreds of subcastes, each with religious requirements that in many cases impeded essential action toward political unity on dozens of fronts. There was also the factor of fatalism—sanctioned by religion—that tended to block attempts to build a better way of life.

3. Provincialism and separation. No sooner was independence achieved than many of the individual state units or provinces began to seek cultural and linguistic separation or autonomy. The provinces of Bombay and Andhra succeeded in winning separate status. In the Punjab the powerful Sikh minority, which has served India so well, started to pull away.

4. Population pressure. The rate of population increase was faster than the rate of national social betterment. Despite a mammoth housing program; despite a substantial improvement in the food supply; despite the world's most far-reaching program of mass birth control, India's population continued to outrun the means for dealing with it.

5. Poor land. Most of India's soil is tired, dry, sandy. For months at a time the heartland of India is without rain. In the coastal areas, the topsoil is washed away by floods. Nowhere on this planet are more people wedded to less productive land.

6. Urbanization. Each year, millions of people drift from the villages into the cities. The archaic feudal system of many of the villages persists despite systematic government efforts to change or alleviate it. Whatever the reason, the trend to the already overcrowded cities represents a massive problem.

Exploiting all these problems, the Communist Party has been trying to enlarge its following. Its gains have been spotty, but it is laying the groundwork for a future bid for power, probably with the post-Nehru period in mind. Meanwhile, external Communist pressure from the north has been building up. The southern thrust of China did not stop with Tibet; it continued in the direction of India. China's approach was to seize the land first, then enter into discussions over disputed border territory. The history of a thousand years of peaceful relations between the two countries was shattered.

In any event, the combination of the Kashmir dispute with Pakistan and the border dispute with China has forced India to devote about 50 per cent of her total budget to military preparedness. This comes at a time when India needs every rupee it can command for economic development.

• • •

TAKING all these problems into account—cultural, religious, agricultural, social, political, economic, military, historical, demographic, foreign—one must marvel at the fact that the same man has been able to stay in office for the full fourteen years of India's life as an independent nation. He has remained in power not through a dictatorship or political machine; the source of his strength has transcended politics and has to do with his almost metaphysical access to the soul of India.

Not that he isn't criticized. In fact,

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on my recent trip to India, I found more direct criticism of the Prime Minister than on any of the previous visits going back to 1949. But the criticism is almost always tempered with an affectionate afterthought, such as: "The Prime Minister wouldn't do these things if he weren't so tired," or, "Panditji has been badly deceived by the men around him," etc., etc.

What, specifically, do they criticize the Prime Minister about?

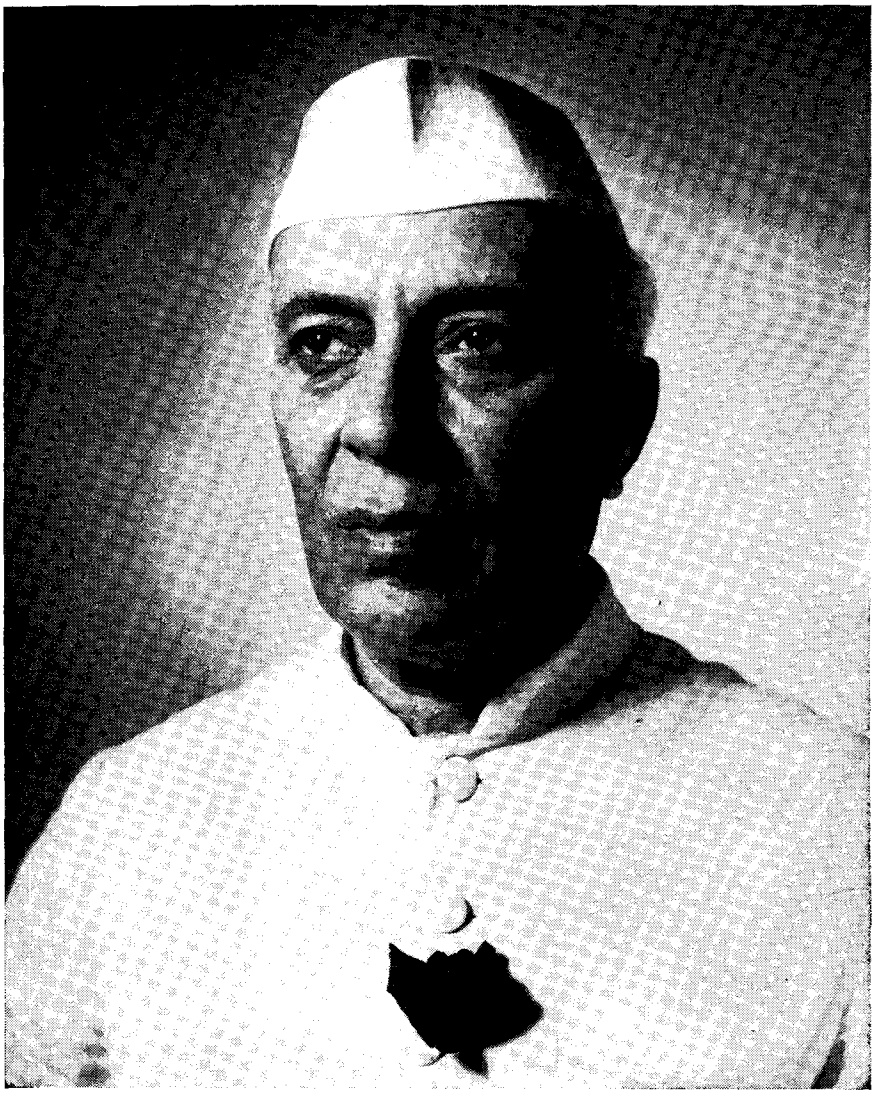
First, they complain that economic progress hasn't been rapid enough. A returning visitor, however, can't help observing the fact that only ten years ago, the nation, like an undernourished child, was too weak even to cry out. Indeed, the existence of great expectations tends to create impatience. Today, the grievances are clearly audible. Also, the progress is clearly visible. People who walked barefoot only a few years ago now have shoes for the first time in their lives. People who were walking long distances are now riding bicycles. Thousands of people who had bicycles now have motorcars.

Millions of people have living quarters they can call their own for the first time in their lives. Millions have been raised from the pit of starvation. Indeed, more people are eating more food and better food.

Many of the cities are being rebuilt. New dams and power projects have added greatly to the industrial capacity.

But even if all this progress were to be multiplied by two, the economic problem would still be critical. The number of people to be fed, housed, clothed, educated, and medically treated is so large that India is not yet out of its crisis stage. Mr. Nehru is being taxed with the responsibility.

He is also criticized for a lack of firmness in dealing with separatist pressures. It is felt that his failure to use the full power of his office to block the linguistic and cultural autonomy drives of the states of Bombay and Andhra has encouraged other elements, notably the Sikhs, to seek sovereign status. At a time when India's greatest need is to increase its sense of national unity, there is a dangerous tendency to pull away from the center. An outsider, however, cannot help being impressed by the Prime Minister's repeated declarations against the separatist tendencies. If the Prime Minister failed to stand his ground in the first instance—that of Andhra—the fact of overwhelming pressure exerted in a democratic context should be taken into account. The Andhra leader invoked the Gandhi protest technique of a fast, and died as a result. There is no way of telling what kind of internal explosions would have occurred if the central government had not made important concessions at the time. In any event, it is true that Andhra set the stage and created the precedent for the other separatist movements.



—W. N. Bhat (Black Star).

Jawaharlal Nehru: "Every sensitive person is bound to feel some discouragement at the shape of things in the world today. . . . But there is something superior to logic that compels you to have a measure of faith in the future."

Next, the Prime Minister is widely criticized for what has been described as a lack of essential toughness in dealing with China's seizure of disputed border territory. Few events in recent years have cut so deeply into the apprehensive intelligence of the Indian people as the Chinese border aggression. It is felt that the P.M. should have committed armed force at the first sign of Chinese encroachment. Many of those who take this position, however, have not indicated India's ability to confront China in a massive military showdown, or shown any readiness to anticipate the full consequences of a violent reaction. In any event, there can be little question that Indian public opinion favored a stronger stand.

A significant aspect of the criticism of the P.M. is that there have been conspicuously few suggestions as to who might have done a better job. In fact, there is acute apprehension that Nehru might become incapacitated or be forced to relinquish his leadership. The same persons who will score the Prime Minister for his failures on many fronts will bemoan the fact that he is not available to India indefinitely. Indeed, the P.M. has displeased many people because he has jeopardized his health by taking on so many of the duties of government. I couldn't help noting the paradox, however, that some people who contend that Mr. Nehru holds too many of the reins in his own hands insist on seeing him personally because they won't accept decisions by lesser officials.

Everybody wants to see the P.M. about everything. Old friends or revolutionary associates or prison colleagues or government officials or Congress Party functionaries or businessmen with special projects or labor leaders or journalists, including editors of American cultural weeklies—all seek their

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turn. And more than a few of them end their visit by admonishing him to take more time to rest and conserve his strength. Yet, several years ago, when the P.M. suggested publicly that he might take a leave of absence for several months in order to recharge his energies and develop a fresh perspective, the resultant public outcry split the Indian sky and forced him to abandon his plans.

The fact is that, despite all protests and criticisms, India and Nehru are wedded to one another and will remain that way so long as the latter lives and the former is free. For Nehru today is the symbol of India. He gives it its tone, its focus, its unifying center, and its moral thrust.

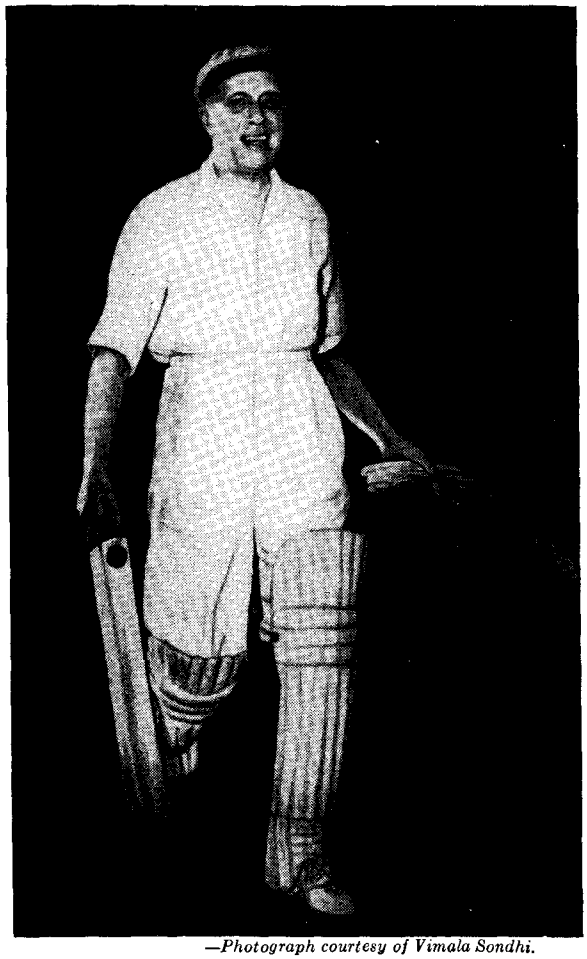
• • •

I SAW Mr. Nehru twice on my recent Indian trip. The first meeting was in Bombay at the inauguration of the Tagore Centennial Year. The second was at his home in New Delhi.

At the Bombay celebration, Mr. Nehru spoke briefly, without notes. He seemed less buoyant, less resilient than on any of the six or seven previous occasions when I had seen him. Persistent fatigue had cut heavily into his face.

His public talk in Bombay was about many things; he spoke disarmingly, informally, almost out of a free association of ideas. He began by saying that the two men who had made the greatest impression on the modern Indian mind and soul were Tagore and Gandhi. He reviewed the intellectual and cultural contribution of the former and the spiritual and political contribution of the latter. He made a rather important autobiographical admission when he said he felt closer intellectually to Tagore than to Gandhi. He was attracted by the universality of Tagore's mind and by his insight into the human situation in general.

Then Mr. Nehru said that any comparison between the writing style of Tagore and that of many modern writers would not show the latter to advantage. There was too much of a tendency today to play games with words, to take the lazy way out, to try to make sheer incomprehensibility pass for elusive genius. The job of the writer was to make himself clear. This was not easy, he said, and he had no admiration for those who, whether through inability or design, shunned this responsibility.



—Photograph courtesy of Vimala Sondhi.

One of the rarest of all the Nehru photographs shows the P.M. engaged in his favorite sport at an outing some years ago in New Delhi.

Mr. Nehru turned to a matter that had weighed heavily on his heart. Was he wrong in sensing, he asked the audience, that something had happened to the idealism of the Indian people? Where was the tall flame that had lit up the quest for Indian freedom? At one time, nothing seemed to count except the making of a free and independent society. Now, personal gripes and grievances seemed to be the order of the day. The young people, to whom one naturally looked for the raw stuff of fierce hope and idealism, seemed curiously self-centered, indifferent to large issues.

Then he remarked, quite simply, that he had nothing more to say; he wished the people well, and sat down. There was a perceptible change in the audience, which suddenly found itself in an introspective mood.

After the meeting, I saw Mr. Nehru briefly; he suggested that I come to see him in New Delhi; he would be at home the following week. I realized this was something I should not do. It was in my power to spare him the expenditure of energy required for yet another interview; I could give him the most precious of all gifts—an hour's freedom from visitors. Yet I shamelessly put conscience aside. A few moments after my arrival in New Delhi, I telephoned Miss Vimala Sondhi, at the P.M.'s home, and confirmed the appointment.

We met in the small study on the ground floor. Mr. Nehru sat down in the large stuffed chair and put his head back. It had been another day without respite. Yet he appeared more relaxed and refreshed than he had the previous week in Bombay.

WE chatted about the Tagore meeting. I told him I was deeply interested in his personal confession that he had been more closely attuned to Tagore than Gandhi.

"I didn't mean to suggest that Gandhi's influence on me was in any way minor," he said. "Of course, it was very great. It was just that I had been thinking of the two men and the contrast between them and my debt to each one, and it seemed to me that perhaps Tagore's emphasis on the rational process of thought and his rather unique intellectual gifts were the reasons why he should have influenced me as deeply as he did. At any rate, I could understand Tagore and his outlook more readily than I could Gandhi.

"Gandhi's ideas had much more impact on our history than Tagore's, of course," he continued. "Tagore didn't uproot people, change their ideas and their purpose in life the way Gandhi did. There was something elemental about Gandhi's power. He reached us and made us do things we might have thought were impossible. Gandhi was a ball of fire in his effect—yet, paradoxically, he was calm in his own person. Tagore was the universal thinker, educator, poet; yet, with it all, he was intensely Indian. The Indian tradition spoke through him, but he was also a world citizen and he could remind us that we all belonged to something larger than a nation."

I asked the P.M. about his reference at Bombay to Tagore's simplicity of style in contrast to the obscurantist tendency in many modern writers.

Mr. Nehru stressed that he was not attempting to pass judgment on writers outside India. The world was a large place; he had no way of keeping track of all the literary trends everywhere. As it concerned some Indian writers, he couldn't help observing that ornateness and obscurantism seemed to be on intimate terms.

I asked the P.M. whether he was as

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discouraged as his Bombay talk made him appear.

He smiled.

"Every sensitive person is bound to feel some discouragement at the shape of things today—whether we are talking about a single nation or the drift in the world itself. In fact, I feel that one cannot really justify by logic any great optimism about the future. But there is something superior to logic that compels you to have a measure of faith in the future. These are broad generalizations, I know. Speaking of India, I am afraid many things are happening that depress, annoy, irritate, anger. But it is always important to take a total view. When we do this we have cause to be reassured, at least in a measure. There is enough on the good side to enable you to move forward. So it depends, really, on which set of facts you are looking at. Obviously, no one can function effectively without believing deeply in the future; at least, I know I cannot. Whatever the impression I may have given in Bombay, I am hopeful about the future.

"I see I am giving you a mixed picture," he continued. "But that is the way it is in India. Everywhere you look, you see a combination of past, present, and future. We have been trying to amalgamate them. You don't have to go hunting through museums for evidence of past centuries. Every past century is part of living history in India."

THEN the P.M. asked if I had observed any important changes since my previous visit to India. I told him I was struck with the evidence of substantial improvement in the condition of the people and in the physical appearance of the cities. At the same time, I had encountered much more criticism of government than on earlier visits. I wondered, in fact, whether the criticism might not have been a reflection of this very improvement—in the sense that people now had a taste of better things.

"What can I say to give you an adequate answer?" he replied. "You may be right. There is a desire for better things and an understandable impatience. But you may also have observed some severe criticism in the press that one cannot really regard as being truly objective. The publishers of newspapers expressing such criticisms proclaim their objectivity. But the fact that something appears in a newspaper does not by itself represent objectivity. In the end, you always and inevitably have the personal opinion of one person or a few persons. And whenever they run short of new things to criticize us about, they fall back on the charge of corruption—and all sorts of dishonesty in government. I am not saying that corruption doesn't exist. I know it is there to a degree and I know we must fight it. But it's the exaggerated picture that troubles me and that I am talking about now. Words should be precise instruments. Always there is the need to create a properly balanced view of a situation. If our view is distorted by words our action is bound to reflect the distortion."

Was I right in assuming, I asked, that he found in his direct contacts with the people a solvent for his troubles with a critical press?

"The place where I function with the greatest ease is before a large crowd," he said. "I can give myself to the crowd because the crowd gives itself to me. I find myself revitalized by the crowd. People stimulate me. I try to repay them by sharing with them the things I feel deeply about. One might say that there is a two-way traffic here. What you have to say to the crowd is important, to be sure, but your manner of saying it—the mood you create, the kind of rapport you establish—all these are the most vital part of communication and have a great deal to do with the response you get."

Had it always been this way?

"I didn't do any public speaking until long after I left college. I began by speaking to peasants and villagers. I tried to get across to them my feelings, not concerned especially with the words, but trying to get into their minds. Even now, when I speak in public, I am still trying to get inside the mind of the listener. I try to subordinate everything to it."

I asked Mr. Nehru whether this was why he never spoke from a text. Did he find that a text came between him and the audience?

He replied that, as he had mentioned earlier, he wanted a direct exchange with people. He couldn't have this kind of exchange, he couldn't feel he was getting inside their minds, if he came at them with packaged words. Then he would be reciting; he wouldn't be interacting, getting and giving.

So far we had discussed Nehru the public speaker. Weren't we overlooking his status as a writer? After all, his words made history.

"Poo!" he said and smiled. "I turned to writing not because I wanted to be a writer but because I was trying to get certain ideas across. The problems of style and literary expression—things that interest creative writers—these are not my main concern. My main concern is causing things to happen."

"Would you, I asked, "have turned to writing or philosophy as a career if you hadn't been caught up in the great cause of Indian freedom?"

"I would doubt it. After all, as I said a moment ago, I was driven to writing and philosophy and history as a way of implementing a life of action. But always the writing was incidental, a means to an end. It is hard for me to think of making a career for myself just of philosophy or writing. I enjoy it, to be sure; but I would not wish to make a life of it."

IN THIS general mood of retrospection, I asked if the job of Prime Minister of India was what he had expected it to be. Was this a good time for a summing up?

He leaned back.

"At the time I became Prime Minister, I don't think I thought consciously about what would happen or what the job would be like. Perhaps it's just as well that I didn't. One thing, however, I think I can say. I never thought it would be an easy job. I knew we would have both successes and failures and I could only hope we would have somewhat fewer of the latter."

What was the balance?

"It is difficult for me to strike a balance. I suppose I'm too tied up in things. If you see matters in historical perspective, you may feel that there has been some progress, after all, and you are not so disheartened. But the immediate problems you meet on a day-to-day basis are a larger source of headaches, and you tend to think things are going poorly."

I said I always had the feeling that Mr. Nehru derived a great deal of satisfaction from his stewardship. After all, he was the head of India during the period when it emerged as one of the great free nations of the world. Despite all the problems India has to face —the separatist movements, hunger, the Kashmir, the border attacks by China— India is still strong and free. The troubles he had to face didn't result in change after change of government, as has happened elsewhere. Moreover, India was one of the very few nations in history which, once having achieved its independence, did not undergo a period of counter-revolution before establishing an enduring political form.

"When you put it that way, I do have a feeling of satisfaction, certainly," he said. "But it may be far back in my mind. In the front of my mind are the problems and the failures."

I posed the inevitable question: What would he do differently if he had it to do all over again?

"I'm not sure I would have done any of the major things differently. The minor things, though, I think I would have done differently in the light of what I know now. I would say that,

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Sheep in Wolf's Clothing

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS introduction to the revised edition of Ignazio Silone's "Fontamara," published last year in this country, Malcolm Cowley wrote: "Among all the novels of the 1930's, in all the Western literatures, that were praised for being 'proletarian' or 'revolutionary,' exactly three have survived into the present era without losing their force." The three he names are André Malraux's "Man's Fate," John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," and "Fontamara."

Of the three writers, Silone was the closest to his material. Steinbeck had seen and sympathized with the sufferings of the Okies, but he had not been one of them. Malraux had taken part in Chinese revolutionary activities in the Twenties, but as an outsider. Silone, son of a small landowner in the Abruzzi, completely identified himself with the peasants even as a boy, and he was a revolutionary while he was still in school. He joined the Italian Communist Party as soon as it was founded, and he was for some years active in the underground.

As he has told in his essay in "The God That Failed," Silone began as early as 1927 to have doubts about the leadership of the Communist International, and eventually he broke with the Communists, but he continued to be concerned with the peasants, and he continued to hope for a better future. In the essay mentioned he wrote:

> My faith in Socialism (to which I think I can say my entire life bears testimony) has remained more alive than ever in me. In its essence, it has gone back to what it was when I first revolted against the old social order; a refusal to admit the existence of destiny, an extension of the ethical impulse from the restricted individual and family sphere to the whole domain of human activity, a need for effective brotherhood, an affirmation of the superiority of the human person over all the economic and social mechanisms which oppress him. As the years have gone by, there has been added to this an intuition of man's dignity and a feeling of reverence for that which in man is always trying to outdistance itself, and lies at the root of his eternal disquiet. . . . I do not conceive Socialist policy as tied to any particular theory, but to a faith. The more Socialist theories claim to be "scientific," the more transitory they are, but Socialist values are permanent. The distinction between theories and values is not sufficiently recognized, but it is fundamental. On a group of theories one can found a school, but on a group of values one can found a culture, a civilization, a new way of living together among men.

In each of Silone's novels there is a character who is committed to some such faith as this: Pietro Spina in "Bread and Wine," Rocca in "A Handful of Blackberries," Andrea in "The Secret of Luca." As a rule, this character goes among the peasants to help them, but in the end he is more changed by them than they are by him.

Silone's new book, "**The Fox and the Camellias**" (Harper, $3.50), is a modest novella, but it impressively develops the familiar themes. Unlike his other novels, which are set in the Abruzzi, his native region, it is located in an Italian-speaking district of Switzerland, the Ticino. The time is presumably the Thirties, though Silone is not specific.

The idealist is Daniele, who was born in the Ticino but who left as a youth because of his father's tyranny. Since his father's death, he has returned with his wife and two daughters, and is carrying on the family farm. Gradually, however, we come to see that his principal interest is in the anti-Fascist movement. His wife and daughters know that he has radical sympathies, but they have no idea of the extent of his involvement.

A FASCIST agent comes to the village, and one of Daniele's comrades, the hot-headed Agostino, beats him up. Another comrade, Franz, who is a pacifist, protests. "If we behave like brutes, like our enemies, how do we differ from them?" he asks. But Daniele is impatient with such arguments.

When he returns from a political mission, Daniele learns that his wife, Filomena, and his daughters have been taking care of a young Italian, who was supposedly injured in an automobile accident. What is more, Silvia, who is Daniele's favorite, has fallen in love with him. She assures her distressed father that the young man isn't interested in politics, and Daniele replies, "Under a dictatorship that's one of the most comfortable ways of being dishonest."

Actually, as the reader has already suspected, Silvia's young man is the Fascist agent who was beaten by Agostino. When he comes to make a formal call, Silvia innocently takes him into her father's study, and he has access to Daniele's secret papers. He runs frantically from the house.

Faced with disaster, Daniele hastens to try to save his comrades, but then, after a long period of crisis, the family learns that the young man drowned himself immediately after leaving the house. Filomena is relieved on her husband's account, but she is grieved for Silvia. Even for Silvia, however, as her sister points out, there is some gain: "Now she'll be able to think of him with love. With love and nothing else."

The fox of the title is a real fox, preying on the fowl of the village, but the peasants have already made it into a legend, telling stories of its wily ways. Agostino and Daniele, on the other hand, identify it with the Fascist agent. And when Daniele, coming home in the blackest moment of crisis, finds the fox caught in his trap, he destroys it with unnecessary and uncharacteristic brutality, as if he were expressing all his hatred of the Fascist regime.

THE FESTIVAL of the Camellias, which is about to take place, is the great traditional celebration of the local peasants ,and if the fox is a symbol of division, the festival is a symbol of unity. Even the politicians can find nothing better to quarrel about than the question of rain insurance. Moreover, the fox is linked with the festival, for an old workman describes an allegorical float that is being prepared: "It's a fox holding a dove in its paws under a camellia bush." In the spirit of the camellias, this is presumably intended to suggest that evil can be tamed.

Silone has always liked to point out the existence of good in unexpected places. The lion may not lie down with the lamb, nor the fox with the dove, but a peasant can have a spirit of great nobility, as in "The Secret of Luca," or a Fascist agent may have a conscience. Even Daniele says of the agent, "He wasn't a bad young man." And it is suggested that Daniele may become a gentler person than he has been. Indeed, a great deal is suggested, and that is both the charm and the significance of the book. The story couldn't be simpler, but it is given meaning by the depth of Silone's experience and the power of his thought.

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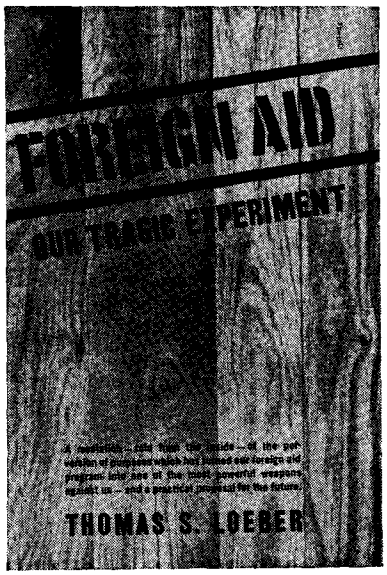
Book in the News



A Comedy of Dollars

By Stringfellow Barr, *historian, who discussed economic aid in "Let's Join the Human Race" and "Citizens of the World." Mr. Barr's history of Greece, "The Will of Zeus," is announced for September.*

IN **"Foreign Aid: Our Tragic Experiment"** (Norton, $3.50) Thomas S. Loeber tells briefly and vividly how the United States has written a comedy of errors while spending some seventy-five billion dollars on foreign economic aid. Mr. Loeber spent four years of his life in the field, more than half of the four years in the Middle East, especially Jordan. Few soldiers in the front line have ever had a kind word for GHQ or even for the artillery just to the rear, and Mr. Loeber is no exception. Nevertheless, historians may yet agree with him that, thanks to our confused national purposes during the past decade, our foreign aid has done America more harm than good. Mr. Loeber knows the world too well to draw the conclusion, now held in many and more sophisticated quarters than the American Legion, that foreign aid should be dropped. Instead, he recommends drastic changes in method.

Mr. Loeber's sometimes horrified report should surprise no American who has kept up with current history. In 1952 General Eisenhower set forth on his gallant crusade to clean up the mess in Washington. That he shortly created, quite unintentionally, a far more impressive mess in Washington will one day seem less important, I think, than that his one-man State Department created a bigger mess still in three continents, a mess of which Laos is merely a recent symptom. We did not roll back Communism—except in sonorous speeches. Far from being able to do so, our traveling Secretary of State was powerless to analyze its appeal in Asia. So time marched on. We built a *cordon sanitaire* of CENTO, METO, and SEATO, and were amazed to find that ideas flitted over them and agents filtered through them.

Had the Marshall Plan not restored Europe? It was we who did that, even before Eisenhower cleaned up the mess in Washington. Therefore, now that all was clean, we could promptly save the underdeveloped countries, by arming to the teeth those nearest the Soviet Union, by a tight alliance with any dictatorship that feared Communism, and by trying to convince Asia that American free enterprise could quickly develop their resources if only they would hold still. We hoped they would not insist on industrializing, which is what they most wanted to do, but buy our industrial surplus instead. But if they insisted, we went along, or the Soviet Union would do it. If they accepted so much as a steel mill from Russia, we shrieked that he who was not with us was against us, in this final struggle betwen the Good Guys and the Bad Guys. Even our better newspapers berated leaders like Nehru. Neutralism was not neutrality; it was nearly as evil a thing as Communism.

MR. LOEBER is quite aware of these factors and reports the result. He knows that rehabilitating Western Europe, which invented industrialism, was a lot easier than helping an agrarian society to adopt and adapt modern technology. With horror he watched the United States become the great supporter of the political status quo, a posture that made us sitting ducks for Communist propaganda in countries where the status quo was for excellent reasons intolerable. The greater portion of our "economic aid" went for weapons, and the weapons were gladly used to protect the intolerable status quo. And General Eisenhower, quite unintentionally, looked more and more like Metternich to more and more non-Communists in dictator-ridden countries throughout the Free World. Mr. Loeber's book would have been even better reading than it is if he had let the reader relax and enjoy this broad comedy. But it could be that the kind of thing he witnessed was not quite funny enough to justify seventy-five billions to stage it. Anyhow, he is too indignant to laugh.

In his Postscript, he makes some recommendations for staging a better, if less funny, show. In essence, he urges getting tough with "the corrupt oligarchies" who now swindle and blackmail us. He recommends restoring the autonomy of foreign aid and believes it was a mistake ever to hand it over to the State Department, which is under constant temptation to use it as a diplomatic lever. He wants a master plan, developed in concert with other governments and the United Nations. He wants to streamline the bureaucracy of economic aid. He wants some fifty private citizens, not Congressmen, on annual, nonrenewable fellowships from universities and foundations to make evaluations. They could report to Congress. He wants the United States Government to handle more of its development work on contract to private corporations.

HE disagrees with the judgment of men like Paul Hoffman, James P. Warburg, and Joseph E. Johnson that the U.N. is better fitted than the U.S. to do this necessary job, but on this point I find his arguments quite unconvincing. After study projects in the field from Java to Burma, and then by station wagon from India to Israel, and after witnessing the very follies Mr. Loeber relates, I am forced to conclude that neither my own government nor any other national government that takes on this job can avoid follies. In large measure the U.N. agencies can and do. President Kennedy stole much of Mr. Loeber's thunder while this book was still on the press. For Mr. Kennedy swiftly pointed out that this job costs more money than even the U.S. can afford and that other nations should share the burden; that sound planning requires longer-term commitments than an annual appropriation. To which he might have added that an agency dependent on a single government cannot make locally unpopular decisions without raising the cry of imperialism. The President may come to see two other points: that the agency should draw its financial support both from industrial nations and from underdeveloped ones; and that the U.S. would get more "moral credit" from helping to do the job this way than from trying vainly to do it alone. I suspect Mr. Kennedy has decided that Messrs. Hoffman, Warburg, and Johnson are correct, and that Mr. Loeber explicitly, and "The Ugly American" implicitly, are wrong. I suspect he may be breaking the good news gently. The mythology of the Foolish Fifties will take time to replace.

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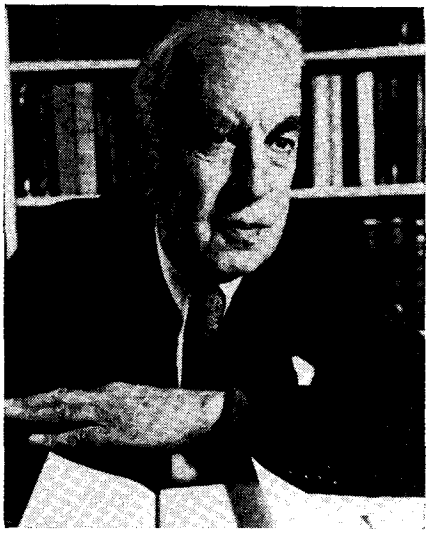
Challenge and Response

"Reconsiderations. A Study of History, Volume XII," by Arnold J. Toynbee *(Oxford. 740 pp. $10),* ***and "The Intent of Toynbee's History: A Cooperative Appraisal," edited by Edward T. Gargan*** *(Loyola University Press. 215 pp. $5), re-evaluate the controversial historian's conclusions and achievements over the past twenty-seven years. Geoffrey Bruun, a student of European and world history, wrote "Revolution and Reaction" and "The World in the Twentieth Century."*



Arnold J. Toynbee — has "helped to rouse a myopic generation of historians from their dogmatic slumbers."

By Geoffrey Bruun

THE ADVENT of these two volumes opens a new round in one of the most vigorous of contemporary controversies, the argument between Toynbee and his critics. Taken together the books include half a million words: an adequate evaluation of them could fill another volume and doubtless will. All that may be attempted, in a limited review, is to suggest where the controversy now stands in its twenty-eighth year.

Between 1934, when volumes I-III of "A Study of History" were issued, and 1954, when volumes VII-X appeared, Toynbee amplified and to some extent revised the emphasis of his interpretation. The configuration of the past as he first envisaged it was altered by his subsequent thinking, and he had the courage to confess as much. This enabled a number of professional historians, who had dogged him from the outset with a surprising hostility, to eat their cake and have it too. Having denounced him for imposing a distorted pattern on the past they now charged him with inconsistency because he sought to redress it.

From the first, however, a critical minority, more interested in seeking light than in generating heat, applauded the scope and originality of Toynbee's thought. While dissenting from or reserving judgment on the validity of his majestic generalizations, they welcomed the fresh winds his "Study of History" let loose in Clio's dusty seminars. The march of historical scholarship in the twentieth century had been slowed by artificial roadblocks and its drive too often dissipated in the byways of specialization. Even if Toynbee's conclusions proved specious, his vision was spacious and its influence liberating.

In the last seven years, since volumes VII-X were published, criticism of Toynbee has tended to become less captious and more courteous. The appearance in 1959 of Volume XI, a "Historical Atlas and Gazetteer" to supplement the first ten volumes of "A Study of History," excited no outbursts, rancorous or otherwise.

"RECONSIDERATIONS," now issued as Volume XII, will not be received so calmly: on the contrary it may add fuel to dying flames. For "Reconsiderations," despite its gentle title and modest tone, is a polemic. With the aid of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Toynbee and his wife enjoyed an opportunity "to visit a number of Asian and Latin American countries" they had not previously seen. Leisure for travel, research, and meditation also permitted Toynbee to digest the criticism his "Study of History" excited and to reply to it.

The result is a detailed and masterful restatement of his position in a number of areas where he has been most relentlessly attacked. The humility with which he accepts indictments and admits occasional errors is disarming. He acknowledges "the hostile emotion that the publication of my work has evoked" but is neither angered nor dismayed by it. Some charges he rejects outright, though never discourteously or without due assessment. Other criticisms he accepts as valid and strives to meet by a redeployment that incorporates or negates them.

Evidence of the increased respect Toynbee has won, and of the more thoughtful attention now accorded his interpretation, is furnished by the second volume under review, "The Intent of Toynbee's History." Its subtitle, "A Cooperative Appraisal," has a double significance. It is a collaborative effort in the sense that ten scholars contributed to it. But it is also a product of collaboration in that Toynbee was permitted to study the typescript and invited to contribute a Preface. In extending this courtesy the editor, Professor Edward T. Gargan of Loyola University, has offered an *amende* for the cavalier treatment the historical profession too often accorded Toynbee in earlier years.

The privilege of seeing the Gargan volume before its publication enabled Toynbee in his "Reconsiderations" to reply to the questions raised. This makes the two works in some sense companion pieces. In addition, the invitation to provide a preface afforded him an opportunity to stress his own faith in the value of uninhibited discussion. "Our purpose in debating," he emphasizes, "is to learn, not to win; or rather, learning is the only way of winning that makes any sense."

After the "wreckful siege" "A Study of History" has endured it is good to catch an echo of trumpets sounding a parley. Yet this new act in the drama introduces a note of irony. For the gravest dangers that now threaten Toynbee's imposing edifice are not the external attacks but the repairs he is himself instituting. To determine how extensive—and weakening—these alterations may prove to be will require a new critical appraisal. But it already seems apparent that the structure has been considerably shaken.

OF the massive towers that constituted the main units of the fortress, two have disappeared, a third is now supported by questionable props, and a fourth requires careful reconstruction. In place of his "three distinct civilizations" in Middle America Toynbee has substituted one. His "Syriac Civilization," after repeated assaults, has become difficult to defend. His Egyptiac Civilization has been undermined. Even his "model" Hellenic Civilization is conceded to have failed at some critical moments to justify its key location. Finally, the broader role allotted

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higher religions is changing a "cyclical system" into a "progressive system."

How then shall we evaluate Toynbee's position in this twenty-eighth year of a great controversy? As a clue to "the pattern of the past" his ambitious interpretation is still an unproven hypothesis, quite possibly a mistaken hypothesis. Nevertheless his contributions to history have attained a value and magnitude difficult to belittle and impossible to ignore. He has done more than any other living thinker "to redress the balance between the microscopic view of history and the panoramic view of it."

He has done more than that. *Philosophiren*, as Novalis said, *ist dephlegmatisiren*. The "challenge and response" excited by Toynbee's philosophy of history have helped to rouse a myopic generation of historians from their dogmatic slumbers. His "Study," in its audacious range and prolific insights, will remain a multifold source of inspiration even if its central theses are rejected.

It is not unthinkable that the twentieth century is destined to be strewn with the wreckage of Toynbee as the nineteenth century was strewn with the wreckage of Hegel.

Invasion of Intellect

"The Age of Reason," by Sir Harold Nicolson *(Doubleday. 418 pp. $5.95), portrays the colorful personalities of eighteenth-century Europe. J. H. Plumb, historian and biographer, teaches English history at Cambridge University.*

By J. H. Plumb

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON knows how to make a fine book. Perceptive, intelligent, graceful, he is one of the most urbane of English writers, and one of the few who is unfailingly interesting whether he writes a short review or a long volume. "The Age of Reason" possesses the qualities we have come to expect in his works. It is wonderfully readable: a panoramic tapestry of eighteenth-century Europe is unrolled. The foreground is dominated by a galaxy of splendid portraits; the middle distance is deftly sketched in, a word here about wars, a word there about revolutions, a hint about science, a line or two on politics; the background, however, is blank, but more of that anon.

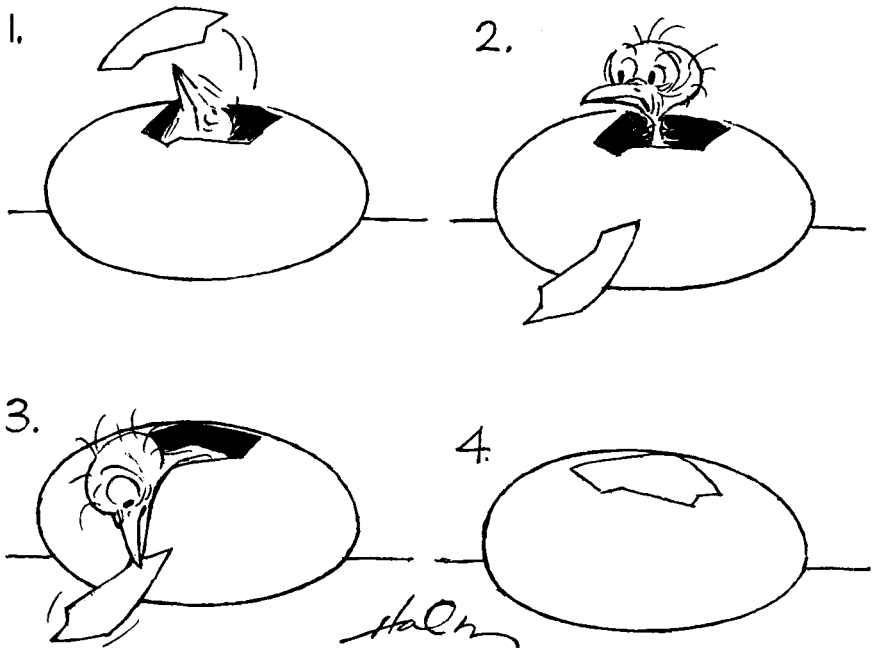
Firstly, the foreground—which itself justifies the book and gives it the memorable quality it possesses. All the great eighteenth-century characters are here: Peter the Great, killing with his own hands, huge, barbarous, powerful; Louis XV with his handsome face, tired, sad eyes, *Parc aux cerfs*, Pompadour, Du Barry, and double diplomacy; Catherine the Great, wise, ruthless, lustful, as generous to Europe's intellectuals as she was to her lovers; Frederick the Great with his horror of war, his absurd poetry, his homosexuality, and his high courage, the hero and the villain of Prussia. But the book is not all monarchs and mistresses and minions. Voltaire, Johnson, Rousseau, Franklin, Burke, Goethe, Horace Walpole, and the rest are there to do honor to literature, thought, and taste. Indeed, the range of these sections is most comprehensive: even William Collins and James Thomson and Ossian, apart from Lenz, Klinger, and Merck, get their due. These quick, shrewd sketches are alive with apposite quotations and telling observations. It would be difficult to better this on Saint-Simon: "We detect a note of irony, almost a note of hatred and contempt, twanging like a brass wire through the minuets of his court gossip," or Sir Harold's delightful quotation from the dispatch of the British Ambassador at Berlin: "The Prussian Monarchy reminds me of a vast prison, in the center of which appears a great keeper, occupied in the care of his captives."

This pageant of personalities is almost too brilliantly entertaining, too distracting from what after all is supposed to be the heart and bones of the matter. The avowed intention was to draw a picture of an age that was of great importance in molding the modern world.

Obviously, Sir Harold wished to convey his analysis of this age through its dominant personalities, to illustrate trends by those who advocated them. So we get Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, Goethe and the call to sensibility. Through the composite portraits of the courts and salons of Europe he shows how "reason" corroded the faith of princes and aristocrats in the nature of their own society. Their intellectual assumptions and their cultivation of middle-class radicals could only weaken their privileged place, and so revolution was the child of reason. This is the burden of Sir Harold's theme.

Important though the call of reason was, it is far, however, from being the whole story of the eighteenth-century, as Sir Harold well knows; this age bred Jonathan Swift, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, as well as Goethe and Rousseau; the irrational, the dictates of the heart, the stranglehold of tradition, the richness of instinctive life—all possessed their advocates. They raised their barricades against the invasion of logic and intellect, and helped to destroy its social dominance. Skilfully Sir Harold makes this clear without interrupting his parade of characters.

Yet when Rousseau makes his bow, and the book is closed, a sense of dis-



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satisfaction, almost distaste, is left behind. It may seem churlish to criticize a book one has enjoyed so much; yet this book of Sir Harold's is too typical of an attitude toward European culture that is very dangerous and misleading—particularly in a series devoted to the Mainstream of Modern Europe—to allow it to pass unnoticed. Its fault is that the two major contributions of the Age of Reason to modern Europe are completely ignored. The first of these has little to do with Reason as such, but is far more important than Casanova or even Potemkin to an understanding of this age; it is that Europe obtained control of the trade of the world, thereby breaking up the whole fabric of the Eastern and Near Eastern societies; furthermore, this penetration of other civilizations exercised a profoundly stimulating effect on the intellectual life of Europe: its science, its thought, its literature. Yet more important still was the Industrial Revolution, which gets scarcely a mention in Sir Harold's book and none of its leaders a portrait. The salons might prate about reason, but Wedgwood, Arkwright, Boulton, Watt, and their counterparts in France, Germany, and America applied it, and by their application changed the whole nature of human society. Entertaining and skilful as it is, this book is fundamentally trivial: an amusing, superficial view of one of the most significant ages in the history of man. No one reading this work would realize that, during this age, reason escaped from the drawing-room not only to invade law, politics, and economics, but to root itself permanently in the workshop.

Speculation Plague in London

"The South Sea Bubble," by John Carswell *(Stanford University Press. 272 pp. $5.50), and* ***"The Great Swindle: The Story of the South Sea Bubble," by Virginia Cowles*** *(Harper. 184 pp. $3.95), deal with the great inflation and collapse in England at the beginning of the modern economic era. A. L. Rowse has written a number of books on English history.*

By A. L. Rowse

WHAT was the South Sea Bubble? It was the frenzied boom of speculation that seized on London in 1719-1720, and its spectacular collapse with all sorts of consequences—political, social, and personal.

The traditional name for it is much better than to call it, too simply, a swindle, for the whole thing had a perfectly good foundation, if it had not been carried too far and been engulfed in the craze for gambling in stocks which it set going and released.

That was a European phenomenon at the time: the "first fine careless rapture" of the realization of what credit untethered to real resources could do. In this London was following in the wake of Paris, which was undergoing the experience of John Law and the fantastic inflation that grew out of the Mississippi Company and his schemes for taking over the whole of the public debt on credit. It seems that people hardly ever learn vicariously, but by burning their own fingers.

In essence the South Sea Company was a perfectly valid idea, though too political in its inception and too optimistic in its expectations. It was founded by the Tories at the end of Queen Anne's war, partly to offset the Whig-controlled Bank of England, but mainly to exploit the prospects of South American trade opened up by the impending Peace of Utrecht.

These prospects of trade turned out nothing like so good as expected. The Spaniards were determined to keep other people out of South America, so far as they could. Oddly enough, even the slave trade did not pay with the South Sea Company.

But people would not take notice of realities; they were ripe for an orgy of speculation: gambling was always a feature of court and aristocratic society in the eighteenth century.

It is one of the virtues of Mr. Carswell's book—by far the best we have ever had devoted to the subject—that, like a true historian, he relates the phenomenon to the new commercial revolution of the age. It is all part of the growth of money-power that Lucien Romier drew attention to in his "History of France."

The power of credit was a new thing to those people, and they thought it limitless, until they found from harsh experience that it needed to be tied to real economic resources.

Hence the extraordinary fever that overwhelmed London and affected everybody in society. The new and very unattractive German royal family were involved in it: George I and his ugly mistresses, who thought England a gold mine and were determined to make the most out of it. The majority of the nobility and members of Parliament were bitten; so were bishops, the intellectuals, and even the dons at Oxford and Cambridge. The great Sir Isaac Newton lost £20,000 in it, and the South Seas could never be mentioned in his presence again. Gibbon's grandfather lost a fortune; the poet Gay lost everything.

However, other people made a lot, some of them in the government: the Post Master General committed suicide, but he left a hot million and a half to his daughters. And so on.

Mr. Carswell has studied all the records and made excellent sense of them, tracing the still more astonishing goings-on in Paris *pari-passu* with events in London.

Miss Cowles, in her briefer book, makes a good point. In England, after the collapse, the government took control, did what it could to repair the damage, confiscated a lot of people's ill-gotten gains to fill up the gaps, dealt out rough (very rough) justice. Miss Cowles says, "Although we look upon the Britain of 1720 as steeped in privilege and corruption, the impartiality with which justice was meted out in England, regardless of money or position, shows how advanced English thought was to that of the Continent."

This is a bit too generous, but when one thinks that no effort was made to rectify the appalling consequences in France, she makes her point that it "gives one a clear idea why the French Revolution was inevitable and only makes one wonder why it came no sooner."

Mr. Carswell's book is a serious and useful contribution to history, very readable and well written. Miss Cowles gallops spiritedly through a good deal of country, with the accent largely on the personal. But she is to be congratulated on making sense of these stock transactions, which baffle me. On the other hand, perhaps I may dare to remind her that a duke and duchess are not "commoners," and that in French the word "conception" is feminine.

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FICTION

The Echoing Ego

"Hear Us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place," by Malcolm Lowry *(Lippincott. 283 pp. $4.95), is a collection of short stories concerned with the peril and pain of being a writer. William Van O'Connor, professor of English at the University of Minnesota, is general editor of the "Reader's Bookshelf of American Literature."*

By William Van O'Connor

THE STORIES in Malcolm Lowry's posthumous collection are preoccupied with the mystique of the writer, with being "a writer." Anyone who has seen a short story of his own in print or attended a writers' conference will recognize the ethos. The stories simply do not have the quiet existence, apart from the writer, that a Chekhov or a Faulkner or a Joyce knew a story ought to have. The subject finally is the writer's sensitivity. Only writers give a damn about the writer's sensitivity, especially one's own. And the best of them get over looking at themselves in mirrors. It is no surprise that Lowry was a great admirer of Thomas Wolfe. Both men were concerned with the Experience of the Writer. Neither gave even lip service to the Joycean doctrine of the impersonality of art. And that finally is what was wrong with both of them. They believed autobiography could be palmed off as fiction.

"Strange Comfort Afforded By the Profession" is typical of the Lowry collection. Sigbjorn Wilderness, an American writer in Rome, visits the house on the Piazza di Spagna where John Keats died. He reads the documents and letters pertaining to Keats's last days. He makes notes. And he sits drinking in cafés. He remembers a visit to the Poe shrine in Richmond. He takes more notes. At one point he thinks there might be an idea for a story in the Keats or the Poe materials—but he can't find it. He finds earlier notes having to do with trying to induce the man who has power of attorney over his inheritance to increase his allowance so that he could live and write in better circumstances. A few more drinks. A final ironic laugh. End of story.

"Elephant and Colosseum," a fifty-eight-page story, is centered in a writer named Cosnahan. (Lowry's writers sound alike, and really are one person.) We learn he was born on the Isle of Man, served on ships in the Orient, has written a best-seller, and married. He is now struggling with Success, torn between the easy satisfaction of seeing his book in various languages and settling down, if possible, to serious writing. Nothing much emerges beyond what any reader already knew: that successful writers can be fascinated, and incapacitated, by being lionized and simultaneously watching their own hatbands increase in size.

Neither story has a genuine point. The book's jacket blurb says that in the long story, "Through the Panama," one sees Lowry's particular genius for conveying a multi-leveled feel of life, time, mind, and so on. It is not a claim that can stand up. Again the story is about writing. The subtitle is "From the Journal of Sigbjorn Wilderness." There are descriptions of life aboard ship, of the Mexican coastline, the passage through the Canal, and a very symbolic storm. The trouble with the storm is that the reader doesn't believe there is a real storm. Some of the remembered experiences, prior to the voyage, seem strangely like the material in "Elephant and Colosseum."

The chief attempt to achieve multiple levels of consciousness in this story is through the use of marginalia, some of it from the marginal commentary of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The device conceivably could work if Lowry's basic story or journal had more form, firmness, and point.

Malcolm Lowry — "concerned with the experience of the writer."

Unfortunately, Lowry was much too given to pointing out the cosmos and saying, "My, isn't it all profound!" He did this especially in the final story, "The Fresh Path to the Spring." This is regrettable because there are many moving descriptions of the seashore and lonely nights under the stars.

"Hear Us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place" suffers from two commonly linked limitations: self-consciousness about writing, and the absence of a true subject. Lowry clearly had talent. But in this volume the talent was powerless to overcome the limitations.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AS OTHERS SEE US

Pictures of Americans at home and abroad hold high interest in these days of mass travel and communication. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here ten titles of books (from fiction to ballet to photography) about our countrymen and asks you to match them with their authors. Answers on page 54.

1. "An American in Paris"	( )	Harlan Cleveland, Gerard Mangone, and John Clarke Adams
2. "The American"	( )	Robert Frank and Jack Kerouac
3. "The Americans"	( )	George Gershwin
4. "The First Americans"	( )	Graham Greene
5. "The Overseas Americans"	( )	Zane Grey
6. "The Quiet American"	( )	Ralph Hewins
7. "The Richest American"	( )	Henry James
8. "The Southerner as American"	( )	William Lederer and Eugene Burdick
9. "The Ugly American"	( )	Charles G. Sellers (ed.)
10. "The Vanishing American"	( )	Thomas Wertenbaker

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The Weeding-Out Process

"Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel," by John Cheever *(Harper. 175 pp. $3.50), relates the writer's duty to discipline his material to the need for order in life. David Ray, of the English faculty at Cornell, edited "The Chicago Review Anthology" and is now an editor of Epoch.*

By David Ray

"FICTION can no longer operate as a sixth-rate boardinghouse," John Cheever announces in "Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel," a volume of stories and satirical notations indicting all that is "sloppy" in American fiction. Readers who object to the sprawling, all-inclusive novels of Thomas Wolfe, or who prefer John O'Hara's stories to his novels, will be happy to see Cheever redirecting the writer to the task of "eviction" of characters who have commanded the artist's involuntary attention, threatening to corrupt his future work.

Though Cheever never refers to total recall as a curse rather than a gift, he clearly feels that both the writer and the mature man—aware of the nearness of madness and death, and thus interested in the "desperate composure" that makes life meaningful, if not altogether tidy—should limit what they allow to claim their attention. Consequently these stories by Mr. Cheever are about people who must be rejected from disciplined lives.

The gallery of "depraved acquaintances" includes a brother whose "aura of smallness" is brought out by his selfishness about an inherited lowboy, his love for which leads to the evocation of family ghosts and his own deterioration; a shipboard friend whose promiscuity represents the lure of "carnal anarchy"; and a drunken, jig-dancing, and dish-breaking neighbor who, though inviting pity, threatens to throw into chaos the life of anyone foolish enough to befriend him. Such stories about rejection, frequently of the socially undesirable, might provoke accusations of snobbery if Cheever did not make it clear—by rejecting a few Italian aristocrats along with American boors—that he is up to something much more serious. He is asking a major question: "Where does responsibility to another end and to one's own life begin?" Just as writers are corrupted when certain characters run away with their stories, lives are corrupted when certain acquaintances, however fascinating, intrude. It takes courage to reject such intrusions in the interests of happiness and sanity. In asserting this theme allegorically, Cheever clearly feels that life is too short to permit disruption and chaos.

Though Cheever "rejects" these characters whose claim on his attention is "intense but not final," he has given them as loving and three-dimensional a life as any possible in his anticipated novel. Even the most obnoxious of them are charmers, and in feeling Cheever's regret as he evicts them one wonders if writing people out of one's system isn't the most courageous of all methods of eviction, and the most charitable. For it is not so much their personalities Cheever rejects as their responses to life. In chronicling the lives of those who foolishly rely on the past, wealth, or travel for salvation, Cheever directs a sacrificial search for firmer values. This is not the search of a snob, but of an enlightened Puritan aware that the victims of such rejections —made in the interests of keeping life meaningful and the search for love successful—often have an easier ability to survive than those who must reject them. In his best story, "The Scarlet Moving Van," Cheever shows that those who would ruin one's life if their demands were met are often self-sufficient and do not need the charities they provoke.

John Cheever—"directs a sacrificial search for firmer values."

The two themes, then, of the artist's responsibility to control what claims his attention, and man's need to exercise an equivalent concern in his life, mesh beautifully in this book. In rejecting all approaches that seem unworthy, that seem to embrace chaos rather than life as Cheever's (and Thoreau's) God meant it to be lived, the author eloquently insists that the maintenance of sanity is so difficult today that it takes some arranging to manage it. As an investigation of the contemporary writer's search for discipline, this book will stand as a personal and esthetic document of the first magnitude; as a work of fiction dramatizing modern man's search for order it will provide a rich bundle of the wit, insight, and pictorial abilities to which Cheever's readers have long been accustomed.

THE PETER PAN GENERATION: In **"It's Always Three O'Clock"** (McKay, $4.50), Babs H. Deal, who made a promising debut with "Acres of Afternoon," has by virtue of beautiful craftsmanship soared over the hazards of the second novel. To make this well-orchestrated book, Mrs. Deal had to overcome great difficulties in construction and narrative flow. She wished to give the spirit of four distinct periods in American life: the 1920s, the Thirties, the Forties, and the early Sixties. One of her characters sees history as a train that went into a station "where they played jazz and drank bootleg gin," traveled on "faster now, through the bread lines, the hunger, through fear," into the time when her son is photographed on the flight deck of a carrier, and arrived finally at Cape Canaveral, where there were "the single thrusting surges of light."

"It's Always Three O'Clock" is the story of a northern Alabama generation of teen-agers in the Twenties—"sheiks and flappers"—who got lost as they entered upon adult responsibilities and looked the wrong way as the decades passed. "My mother was a little girl till the day she died," says Martha Ann Holder, and adds, "Aunt Cat too, I guess." Catherine Cartwright ("Aunt Cat") is the novel's most tragic character, brittle, brilliant, reckless, and self-destructive.

Mrs. Deal lets the story grow through the consciousness of a number of characters, but she keeps up narrative momentum and shows herself one of the most skilful of the younger novelists. And no one among them can match

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the compressed dramatic excitement of such scenes as the suicide of Marty, who was exhausted by the absurdity of existence, or the death of Veda in the arms of a wild friend.

Scott Fitzgerald's remark "In a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning" provides the title of the book, which in times more propitious for fiction than the present would have provoked widespread discussion. —GORHAM MUNSON.

DISTURBED HUMORIST: In one of the pieces in "**Lanterns and Lances**" (Harper, $3.95), James Thurber reports that an avant-garde critic has denounced him for an alleged preoccupation with trivia. Ah, good! we think; nothing we enjoy more than a literary brawl. And we read on, anticipating a brilliant, sardonic riposte from *The New Yorker*'s legendary wit. What we get, however, is an account of the author's discoveries in the field of alphabetical relativity. Consider, for example, the antipathy of the letters C and M, as illustrated by the morbid combinations of Capulet and Montague, McKinley and Czolgosz, Christian and Moslem. Or the disasters of D, with its doubt, dread, disease, doom, and dusty death. Foul F, with its frightening flow of flop, fourflusher, frying pan, and fire. And what with ghouls, ghosts, goblins, gargoyles, hoodlums, hopheads, hysteria, and hatchetmen, God help us. So take to the tors, Thurber tells the timid, the times teem with terror, tornado, typhoon, television —and trivia.

And, for the most part, "Lanterns and Lances" is a collection of Thurber trivia. The lanterns, he says, are for casting light on areas of darkness; the lances aimed at people and ideas that have disturbed him. What disturbs him especially is the dark area of our language, struggling, he feels, for its very survival. The signs are everywhere: the corruption of advertising (he offers a marvelous slogan to a brewery: "We still brew good like we used to could") and the proliferation of "*you* know" and "uh." He assails a recent President for converting "gradual" into "gradjl" and "intellectual" into "intellectchl" (bastard sounds, he calls them; if there's anything Thurber hates, it's mispronounciation). And beware of the New Vocabularianism, those vile concoctions of meaningless phrases, like Calculated Risks. Already confused by the abbreviationists who have given us No-Cal and Decaf, we'll soon require a special glossary for decoding inevitable terms like "Pea-Coex," "Mass-Retal," and "Sum-Con." It could happen, too; even in the days of the New-Fro.

But I wonder. Is the world doomed because an ad slogan stretches "precisely" and "nicely" to rhyme with "icily"? Is education in this country "going to hell" because the children Thurber knows say "libary"? (Maybe Johnny can't read, as a slew of scare best-sellers have warned, but the kids I've run into lately have staggered me with the scope and depth of their knowledge; if they can't read, they've picked up an awful lot of information somewhere.)

Validity aside, the real problem here is that of the disturbed humorist. When a humorist becomes disturbed, it seems to me that the one thing he should do is become funnier than ever. Lances dim lanterns and in his new book Thurber is more petulant than funny. It's hard to laugh when somebody's pouting. —GEORGE KIRGO.

ERIN IN TRANSITION: Michael Campbell does not break into Gaelic song and make us weep for the sad sod of Ireland, nor does he climb to the base of Parnell's statue and shout passionate prose at clergymen, Englishmen, or opportunists of the Dublin market place. In "**Across the Water**" (Orion, $3.95) he has his way with these traditional Sean O'Casey villains, but his way is affectionate laughter.

"Out with the sawdust and in with the chromium" quips a character in this adroitly assembled novel, and thereby introduces the argument. Should Ireland avoid modernity, or succumb to the televised slickness of industrialized societies?

Ironically, few of the young remain to debate the issue. Despite the success of a new class of gombeen-men ("Irish for usurer, me ould duck!") the economy is grim, and Irish emigration is as familiar a story as ever. Even more ironically, "across the water" is likely to be England, pagan land of the former enemy.

Tom Neelan is one of Father Hanna's Catholics, and one of the gombeen-men. When the Neelans aren't cutting the standard social capers of the new-rich Tom is plotting to buy Edenmore —the estate of the Protestant, Anglo-Irish Murrough-Bryants—for a development of jerrybuilt houses. Major Murrough-Bryant is a crotchety defender of aristocratic values, in contrast to his twice-married daughter Grania and his grandson Patrick, a likable but pliant lad who seems unable to see beyond a London advertising agency. Sociological implications are stirred in by the Neelans' winsome daughter Ann, university-educated and avid for new ideas; and by Mick Trench, a working-class Teddy boy who yearns after Liverpool's high wages and infectious jazz. Grania's entourage of painters and writers provides mordant commentary on the present state of the nation's life and art.

Mr. Campbell makes a consistently believable book out of this diverse company, which is all the more remarkable considering that he gives us a theatre riot, a pub crawl, a splintering party, and a horsey Irish outing at which a Polish count appears. There is many a droll surprise in the shenanigans, and in the writing, too.

Ireland's society-in-transition is to some extent following the historic human cycle. After events have amiably blurred class lines and one pair of inter-faith lovers has boarded the London plane, the somewhat mellowed major observes: "People coming and people staying; pairings and marriages; and occasionally people nudging each other into new directions."

That is contemporary Ireland, although Father Hanna rails heartily against its straying ways.

—WALT MCCASLIN.

"Go ahead and throw it. We can work out the rules as we go along."

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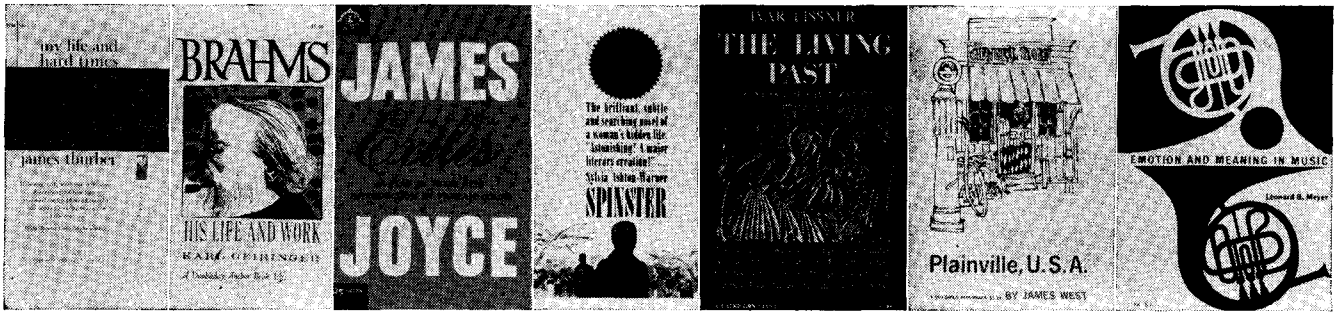

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

YOU DON'T have to know the language to get a chuckle from the cartoons in **"What's So Funny, Comrade?"**, the new Praeger paperback ($1.95) which samples the drawings from *Krokodil*, the Soviet humor magazine. . . . "Know your product," cautions Sol Immerman, vice president and art director at Pocket Books, Inc. Immerman, who frequently lectures to art students on paperback jacket design, tells of one eager young lady who arrived at his office with her portfolio of sketches. She carefully set up her drawings. Immerman gasped to find carefully executed sketches of ladies' handbags. . . . Naturally Bantam was pleased that Elizabeth Taylor won the Academy Award. It spurted sales on "Butterfield 8" into a tenth printing, which means something like a million and a half copies in print. Not that O'Hara needs any help. "From the Terrace" has already gone over the two-million-copies mark, with "Ourselves to Know" not far behind. . . . Short story collections, as anyone in publishing will let you know, don't enter the best-seller leagues. Lippincott has put its two new original collections in Keystone paperbacks. **"The Games of Night"** ($1.65) contains tense tales by Stig Dagerman, a young Swedish writer who committed suicide a few years ago, while **"The Dignity of Night"** ($1.65) was written by Klaus Roehler, a promising and youthful German writer.

HERE AND THERE: Now that the total of paperback titles has gone well over 10,000, we've noticed an alarming trend in rising prices. Gone are the days when paperbacks were 25¢ to 95¢; now $2.25 is a common enough price while $4.95, though still the exception, could become the rule. Soon we'll have to have "paper paperbacks" to denote the bargain-priced books. . . . Not everyone gets a second chance, but Mildred R. Bennett, author of **"The World of Willa Cather,"** did. When her book was published in hard cover, many critics praised it but raised their hands in horror at the lack of reference notes and index. Now, in a University of Nebraska paperback ($1.50), the book is all spruced up with index, notes, chronology, genealogy, in fact the whole academic grab bag. . . . There's no end to the monkey business in Tennessee, where Charles Galbreath, a local legislator, is trying to get the Butler Act, which still forbids the teaching of evolution, repealed. Galbreath, a believer in the power of the printed word, has sent 135 copies of **"Six Days or Forever?"** (Signet, 50¢), Ray Ginger's account of the Scopes trial, to all members of the state assembly. . . . Some readers have requested information about binding paperbacks. Nothing fancy, just attractive, durable bindings that will keep the books permanent. Suggestions welcomed and will be passed along. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

The audience for Japanese fiction is a small but steadfast one. Now that Junichiro Tanizaki's "The Key" is stirring up wider interest, the readers of his earlier book, **"Some Prefer Nettles"** (Berkley, 35¢), can say, "I told you so." Like "The Key," "Some Prefer Nettles" is about marriage and love, and especially about the lack of passion. Its hero is a "woman-worshipper," ill-suited to the domesticity of marriage and, though events take place after the marriage has grown dry, the author's perceptions into male-female relationships plunge through any national literary boundaries.

Geoffrey Holder is a man of many parts—dancer, composer, painter—and now with **"Black Gods, Green Islands"** (Dolphin, 95¢) he is an author. Holder, himself a Trinidadian, has based his five tales on the folklore and voodoo of Trinidad and Haiti. Cover art and illustrations were drawn by him.

Another unusual book is **"The Palace of Pleasure"** (Capricorn, $1.65), a collection of medieval and Renaissance novellas gathered together by Harry Levtow and Maurice Valency. If you're lucky enough to have an audience, these tales—by Boccaccio, da Vinci, Marguerite de Navarre, among others—make lively reading-aloud material.

A New Zealand schoolteacher who pours her love upon her Maori pupils is the heroine of Sylvia Ashton-Warner's **"Spinster"** (Bantam, 50¢). Sometimes the poetry tends to cloy, but by and large this is a sensitive and original treatment of a well-worn theme.

Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, wrote a variety of short pieces spoofing everything from love letters to golf. **"Laugh with Leacock"** (Apollo, $1.95) is a merry sampling. Another book with built-in laughs is Ludwig Bemelmans's **"Small Beer"** (Capricorn, 95¢). The stories are crowded with the usual Bemelmans head waiters, *caviar aux blinis*, and disreputable Continental types.

If you haven't yet read James Thurber's **"My Life and Hard Times"** (Bantam, 50¢) it's now available in paperback, some thirty years after it was first published. Thurber and this century were young together; this is his delightful account of youthful adventures in Columbus, Ohio.

MUSIC

Paperbacks on music range from the liveliest collections of folk tunes to the most sober discussion of musical esthetics. A variety of them are even for those who don't know much at all about music, like B.H. Haggin's **"Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet"** (Vintage, 95¢), which highlights certain selected compositions—a Beethoven sonata, a Bach passacaglia, a Mozart symphony —as a method of introducing the uninitiated into the broader realms of

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classical music. The style is casual, informal, and highly readable.

"The Marriage of Figaro," says music critic Haggin in his book, is "one of the greatest wonders achieved by human powers." Its libretto, along with those of "The Abduction from the Seraglio," "The Magic Flute," "Don Giovanni," and "Così fan tutte" have been translated by Robert Pack and Marjorie Lelash in "**Mozart's Librettos**" (Meridian, $1.75). The original texts accompany the English translation.

Leonard B. Meyer's "**Emotion and Meaning in Music**" (Phoenix, $1.95) is for the reader who has already listened to a good deal of music, probably can read it as well, and who has thought about it even more. This study probes into the area of psychological and esthetic essentials of both listening to music and composing.

"**Brahms**" (Anchor, $1.45), by Karl Geiringer, neatly balances the composer's life and his works. *SR*'s Music Editor Irving Kolodin called it "altogether a rare book, . . . a product of fine scholarship. . . ."

Perpetua Books, paperbacks published by A. S. Barnes & Co., have recently released a new series, Kings of Jazz. Each book, and there are eight of them, briefly but authoritatively outlines the career and contribution of a major American jazz figure. Nothing here will surprise the jazz scholar, but for the general musical reader, this collection is a treat. The books: Charles Fox's "**Fats Waller,**" Burnett's "**Bix Beiderbecke,**" Michael James's "**Dizzy Gillespie,**" Albert McCarthy's "**Louis Armstrong,**" Max Harrison's "**Charlie Parker,**" Martin Williams's "**King Oliver,**" G. E. Lambert's "**Duke Ellington,**" and Paul Oliver's "**Bessie Smith**" (95¢ each).

Neither does Tom Glazer's "**A New Treasury of Folk Songs**" (Bantam, 60¢) hold many surprises, but it offers instead a delightful collection of old favorites including such sing-along numbers as "The Streets of Laredo," "The Midnight Special," and "The Foggy Dew."

OTHER PEOPLES

Sociologists and anthropologists don't come upon those large-scale, group-sized principles easily. Lots of pioneer study into the social structure of particular groups has been completed before they have been able to extract more general truths about the way man lives. J. A. Pitt-Rivers's "**The People of the Sierra**" (Phoenix, $1.65) and Cora DuBois's "**The People of Alor**" (Torchbooks, Vol. I—$1.95, Vol. II—$1.75) are two such studies. The ancient Spanish town of Alcalá (pop. 2,045) is the subject of Pitt-Rivers's work, which delves into the intricate orders of this rural village's courtships, family life, morality, political structure. Photographs depict the lives of inhabitants.

First published in 1944, "The People of Alor" was a significant pilot effort in the field of social psychology. A small Netherlands East Indian island, Alor held a nonliterate society that satisfied its needs according to its own terms. Miss DuBois's fascinating study is abundantly illustrated.

"**Plainville, USA**" (Columbia, $1.55) is a long way from the East Indies, yet James West selected this small prairie town (pop. 275) for an intensive analysis. How "Plainville," a tightly knit farming community, responded to the call of more urban America makes a story of more than academic interest.

THEATRE

Just about everybody has heard of Mack the Knife and almost everybody has seen "The Threepenny Opera," but nobody seems to know very much about Bertolt Brecht, the German playwright who died, a Communist, in East Germany in 1956. "**Brecht**" (Anchor, $1.45), by Martin Esslin, attempts to unravel the playwright's theories of epic theatre and to shed some understanding on his highly complex personal life. "While the West liked his poetry," writes Esslin, "and distrusted his Communism, the Communists exploited his political convictions while they regarded his artistic aims and achievements with suspicion."

Nowadays, Gerhart Hauptmann's plays are only infrequently acted, yet at the turn of the century he was a great force in the theatre, where he turned from dramas of grim naturalism to poetic symbolism. "**Five Plays**" (Bantam, 60¢), translated by Theodore H. Lustig and introduced by John Gassner's lengthy essay, includes Hauptmann's most famous play, "The Weavers," as well as later comic and expressionist dramas.

By now you need a separate bookshelf to hold all the various paperback editions of George Bernard Shaw's theatrical works. Two new volumes salute his comic plays. S. N. Behrman has written the introduction to "**You Never Can Tell**" (Bison, 90¢), a hilarious and almost nonsensical play in which a dentist plays the romantic lead. "**The Shorter Plays of Bernard Shaw**" (Apollo, $1.95) range from "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet" of 1909 to GBS's last play, "Why She Would Not," here in book form for the first time. The plays are arranged in chronological order—in reverse—which seems to make about as much sense as some of Shaw's more outrageous ideas.

"**DRAWING . . .** is the necessary beginning of everything, and not having it one has nothing," wrote Vasari, the sixteenth-century painter and art historian. In a variety of styles, with tools ranging from pen and ink to bright pastels, draftsmen have sought to record their own vision of the world. In "**Great Drawings**" (Washington Square Press, 60¢), Paul J. Sachs, professor of fine arts at Harvard, has collected sixty-nine excellent reproductions that trace the stream of art from the caves of Lascaux to the familiar and delicate stance of Degas's "A Ballet Dancer."

(Above) Breughel the Elder's "Self Portrait and Patron"; (left) Degas's "A Ballet Dancer."

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Saturday Review

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Vital Statistics, 1961

THE United Nations recently took a survey of the diets of the three billion people now living in the world and discovered that four out of five—80 per cent—of the entire human population have never had, and will not have in the foreseeable future, what a North American family takes for granted as a good square meal.

Then there is the newer statistic, also from U.N. sources, that four out of five human beings have never seen a doctor and never will. To these unattended, children are born, age, then die (usually prematurely) without contact with a single miracle of chemistry, anesthesia, diet, or hygiene, save local witchery and questionable home remedy. But, in its way, this is a cliché: one can believe it because it is nothing new to our blasé Western society that people elsewhere, out of our sight, not only starve with regularity but also live in a painful, unhealthy world.

Just the other day, however, the U.N. came up with a statistic by no means commonly known and, in its way, more fundamentally shocking than the sociological clichés the haves accept as a matter of course in the have-nots. The U.N. finds that the world is once again losing the battle against illiteracy. Indeed, we are not as well off in this vital arena as we were five years ago.

The endeavor is constant to stay ahead of population growth: In 1951, 56 per cent of the adult population was literate, but only 48 per cent of the world's children were going to school. This meant a dark future for the struggle to read and write, a slowly losing climb up a glass hill. By heavy sacrifices, the world's nations raised the proportion of school enrollment to 55 per cent so that, by the approach of a fresh decade, literacy was beginning once more to inch toward its goal. Yet, in the last two years, in the face of a postwar population explosion at school age, the 55 per cent has begun to slide back again and the U.N. suspects, from convincing statistics, that by 1962 the world's school enrollment will have fallen close to 53 per cent.

There are 550 million children from five to fourteen in the world today and only 300 million are enrolled in school, to give "education" all the best of it. For 250 million, then, no schooling is available, not even the limited schooling that stops long before it should, even in some of the so-called literate nations. To put it another way, almost half the children in the world have no prospect, as you read these lines, of being exposed to the simple fundamentals of education.

In tropical Africa alone (and it now comprises thirty nations trying to govern themselves) nearly 17,000,000 out of a total of 25,000,000 children do not attend school in any form. Africa probably has the highest illiteracy rate in the world: 80-85 per cent. Of the privileged 8,000,000 who do go to "school," fewer than 5 per cent move as far as secondary education, which in Africa is largely dependent on the foreigner. In exceptional cases, as many as 30 or 40 per cent of the teachers are African, but as a general rule it is closer to 1 per cent.

In the Western literacy belt, moreover, a good case could be made that our newer generations cannot read and write as they should. In the United States, a shocking fact is that most college graduates seldom if ever read a book after graduation, and this habit of nonreading is, in an electronic age, contagious in the family. But questioning the degree of literacy in the advanced areas of geography is not the immediate problem.

TO combat the world evil of illiteracy, UNESCO will launch in 1961 a crash program for the African continent. The program will cost some $12,000,000. It will attempt to make a start among the independent African nations in planning universal and compulsory education, especially in the pressing fields of vocational and secondary education. In Latin America, UNESCO has worked for the past four years on a program to improve and extend primary education. Due in part to UNESCO's efforts, primary school enrollment in Latin America has increased an average of 19 per cent during the past three years and in some countries to the south of us the increase in the primary grades has been as great as 42 per cent.

Very roughly, but conservatively, it would take $90,000 million to accommodate all of the world's 250,000,000 children for whom no school whatever is now available, and another $10,000 million a year to run the new schools. In the face of such staggering requirements, UNESCO's accomplishments in education have had to be principally its worldwide survey of the earth's educational situation, without which long-run planning is impossible.

In mass communications, as in fundamental education, UNESCO is now completing a worldwide survey on information needs. At the present time, figures show that approximately 70 per cent of the world's population does not have sufficient access to press, radio, or television facilities. UNESCO's criterion, a minimum, calls for ten copies of a daily newspaper per hundred inhabitants, five radio receivers, two cinema seats, and two television sets. Perhaps the courageous and dedicated men and women of UNESCO can make real progress here, as well, and on their fifteenth anniversary they fully intend to try. Let no man hinder or patronize such enthusiasm and dedication, at the risk of losing the final battle and our precious heritage with it. Indeed, let UNESCO's tiny light give us the courage to follow it into the uncharted wilderness. —R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ENDS AND MEANS

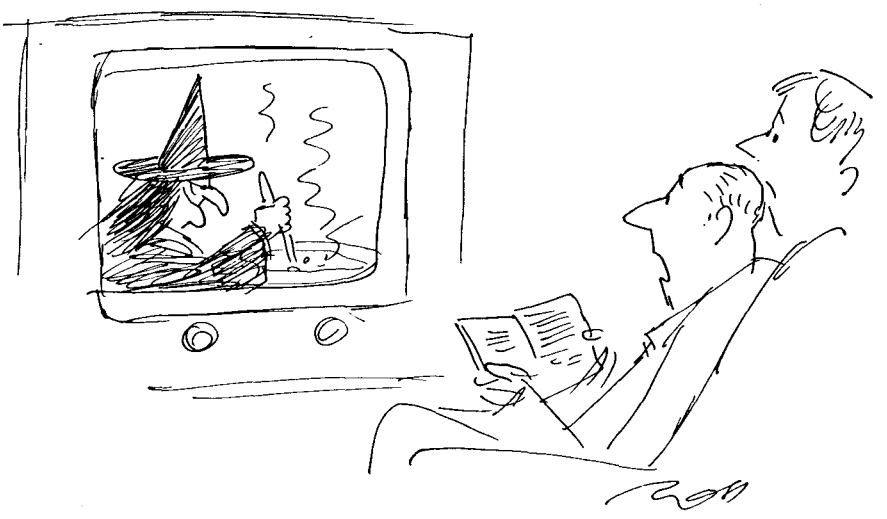
My compliments for publishing Stuart Chase's "Principles for the Nuclear Age" [*SR*, May 6]. It presents the clearest picture I've read of what is most necessary in human affairs. Now we need to formulate practical means to implement those principles.

Owen E. Heninger.
La Mirada, Calif.

I agree with Stuart Chase in his editorial "Principles for the Nuclear Age" when he says that "a profound shift in one's value system" is now required.

A set of moral or spiritual principles should not be hard to draft. These principles will not be new, nor need the list be long. May I suggest the following as a starter: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain" (Psalm 127).

Evelyn Freeman Cummins.
Oklahoma City, Okla.



"There's nothing listed for that channel at midnight."

AS OTHERS SEE US

Re L. L. L. Golden's "Canada: Angry Good Neighbor" [*SR*, May 6]: As an American living in Canada, I have not found a "deep emotional antagonism" toward the United States. I have found a sober and well-informed criticism of U.S. militarism and war emphasis, of reliance on massive retaliation, of the policy of brinkmanship, and of the inflexibility of U.S. disarmament policy. These same criticisms are made by many Americans; this does not make them anti-American—only against the insanity of nuclear war.

J. Roger Bray,
University of Toronto.
Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Golden's article may leave a false impression with some of your readers. Few Canadians are "anti-American" or "angry" at the United States. We simply mean to run our own internal affairs; we assume that Americans would also object to the amount of outside influence in their domestic life that Canadians face. Our way of life may be better or worse than that in the United States, but in important respects it is very different; we say "*vive la difference.*" This feeling is quite consistent with the most friendly sentiments toward Americans.

In foreign affairs, we are wholly committed to defending the values of Western civilization. We feel a deep sense of interdependence with the members of the Atlantic community and would be willing to merge our political sovereignty with them to prove our sincerity. We wonder whether Americans, who are great on urging other people, feel the same way. This sense of commitment is too deep to be tied to all the twists and turns of policies aimed at promoting the national interest of the United States. We have seen enough over the last few years to convince us that it is not "neutralism" when we cannot endorse every brainstorm emanating from the White House, the State Department, the Pentagon, the CIA, and the committees of Congress.

The best way to quiet the apprehensions of Canadians and other peoples in alliance with the United States is to stop doing things and saying things that give the rest of us the cold shudders.

Gerald M. Craig.
Toronto, Canada.

CURTAIN CALLS

This is a fan letter to thank you for publishing the finest document on the theatre that I have seen in years. I refer to John F. Wharton's "The Plight of the Promising Play" [*SR*, Apr. 29].

Since man only learns by disagreement, may I merely suggest that the "ice" which now flows to people unrelated to the creativity of the theatre—to an extent estimated at $10,000,000 a year—can be stopped with ease any time the Governor of New York and the head of the Tax Department want to come to grips with the problem. Moreover, might I suggest that a producer with a hit will find no infirmity in having choice seats, desired by the public at the last minute, priced at an amount that fits into the demands of the market place.

I suggest that Mr. Wharton is right in his theories on government subsidies, and I would suggest further that diminution of payments to participants, such as writers, actors, etc., should not be considered as subjects of readjustment until the millions stolen from the theatre flow into the theatre treasuries.

Every side of this problem is well known. Now all it takes is someone with a belly full of fire to walk in on Nelson Rockefeller.

Morris L. Ernst.
New York, N. Y.

John F. Wharton is to be congratulated on his penetrating article. It is indeed beneficial to have this piece in print at a time when some theatre people are suggesting "cuts" for playwrights.

Robert Downing.
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Wharton's article is excellent in every respect, but it is mistitled. It is the plight of the American theatre, not merely the plight of the promising play, that he writes about. Nevertheless, his survey of the dismal state of the American theatre has a striking clarity.

George J. Soete.
Norwood, O.

ROUND TWO

I want you to know that I have waited eagerly to read John Ciardi's new column, Manner of Speaking. I was not disappointed with the second one [*SR*, May 6]. I like his thinking and the challenge it proclaims.

Mary C. Duncan.
West Concord, Mass.

I admire Mr. Ciardi's courage in writing "Across the River and Into New Jersey."

Frank J. Derby.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Congratulations to John Ciardi for a job well done. His point was made with competence and kindness. . . .

John McGrath.
Chicago, Ill.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Awake at the Switch

AN ACTOR'S greatness is in part indicated by his unreasonable insistence upon facing challenges. And Sir Laurence Olivier's recent decision to endure the risks and inconveniences of switching roles in **"Becket,"** instead of coasting along comfortably for the final two months of its run, underlines his stature as a person and as an artist. It also improves the show.

Originally miscast as Becket, Olivier finds himself much more at home as the ribald King Henry II. In the opening scene he immediately sets a tone of comic irony by slinging open his jaw, rolling his eyes, and exaggerating the abject willingness with which he obeys the ghost of the archbishop he had reluctantly found himself obliged to oppose and destroy during the latter's lifetime. Then he romps merrily through the flashback scenes in which we see Becket and Henry as companions. While simple jollity may not seem quite the relationship indicated by M. Anouilh's precise and subtle script, it is in itself highly entertaining; even a camaraderie of high jinks is preferable to the nominal friendship that was always being stated but never very convincingly acted last October. And what a difference it makes when Sir Laurence suggests that his attempted rape of Becket's mistress is motivated not by crude lust but by the forces produced in a relationship that keeps pushing both Becket and Henry to fresh discoveries about the degree of their commitment to each other, to themselves, and to the identities fate has thrust upon them.

For much of the play, Olivier tends to put aside the tragic sense in his role in order to concentrate on its opportunities for comedy. His outcry at a son who prematurely calls himself Henry III, his impatient derision of his wife's eternal and mediocre tapestry-sewing, and his ridiculous huddled fear of an innocuous priest show us the great actor's superb comic technique. And later, Sir Laurence erupts in a bravura scene in which he throws a fit and staggers about the stage, clawing at the air until he can finally retch up the name of the man he has betrayed. This is Olivier at very nearly his tragic best. Finally, at the end of the play, he takes some of the ponderousness out of Henry's declaimed professions of approving of the honor of God as "a good thing to have on one's side—all things being equal," by giving Becket's ghost a little wink.

The strength of this performance tends to transform the play into a saga of King Henry's tortured journey into loneliness and Pyrrhic victory, and Arthur Kennedy, who has taken over the role of Becket, finds himself at a disadvantage. While it would not be fair to say that he plays the knave as if he were afraid of Olivier playing the king, his ingrained forthrightness and passion for democracy frequently turn the witty, aristocratic character Anouilh has created into something more gauche, less self-assured. Similarly, his sincere, faith-filled delivery of the facetious prayer in which Becket uses sophistry to reason that the rich deserve more in Heaven (because God makes it so much harder for them to come to him) becomes a moment in which he might just as well be reciting "Our Father who art in Heaven. . . ."

Yet, given these natural disadvantages, Mr. Kennedy does the best a good actor can do under such circumstances. He uses the fine qualities he *does* possess. His Becket thus seems the sincere purveyor of social progress to the downtrodden Saxons, a man with a sense of dissociation from a world in which he must reluctantly dissemble in order to gain his unselfish objectives.

While this is still not the "Becket" M. Anouilh intended, it is much better and more entertaining than the earlier version. Furthermore, Olivier's performance is a triumph of virtuosity unmatched by any other actor here this season.

JEAN GENET's latest work, **"The Blacks,"** has just opened off-Broadway at the St. Marks Playhouse. Using not only a play-within-a-play device but also an unusual scheme in which some of the colored performers wear facial masks in order to portray their notion of whites, M. Genet fascinatingly creates a poetic atmosphere that expresses simultaneously the many complexities of a black man's relationship to a hostile world. Discussion of "The Blacks" will have to wait for a subsequent issue; but meanwhile be advised that here at last is a sophisticated race play with no tedious thesis, and with no taboos in its use of words, images, and ideas. —HENRY HEWES.

Letter from Georgia

By John Nixon, Jr.

*We are much pestered with a little Fly they call a Sand Fly. ***But every Insect here is stronger than in England.*

WRITING from Mr. Oglethorpe's Savannah,
Thus Thomas Causton, colonist, complained
To his good spouse back home in Britain. Ants,
"Half an inch long," would "desperately" bite,
He added—who could co-exist with Indians
("They seem to be sober, judicious men"),
Was tolerant toward alligators, thankful
For (a) the fifty cows and other "great
Assistance from the Gentlemen of Charles Town"
And (b) "a Pint of strong Beer every night."
Only the hateful Flies caused him distress.

Causton, the "Insects here," not merely strong
But murderous, endured. But we waged war
Against the deadliest—the spreaders of
Malaria, yellow fever, and typhoid.
We drained the marshes, thereby dispossessing
Your friends the alligators. Barns were sprayed.
Flying in planes, we loosed a very fog
Lethal to enemies of old King Cotton.

Yet, in our relatively bugless time,
When every insect worthy of the name
Is being scientifically annoyed
Into extinction, when our orchards yield
Peaches disdained by moths, we must admit
(Echoing you in 1732)
"We have some Grumbletonians here also."

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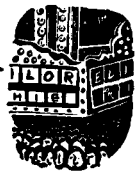

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Vacation Time

SPRING is the season when the drive-ins start spiffing up, the hard-tops start testing their air conditioners, and the movie companies start releasing their various warm-weather entertainments. The kiddies will be out of school soon. Let's make them feel really welcome at their local box office. How about a couple of nice, bloody gangster pictures to start off with? And the English studios are still turning out those low-budget horror films filled with shiny-toothed vampires and screaming ladies. The children always seem to enjoy the screaming ladies so. Let's get some of those. But we mustn't forget education, even if it is vacation time. You're never too young to learn. How about some of those wide-screen Italian spectaculars, with Steve Reeves playing all those historical fellows? Of course they're dubbed, but you don't suppose kids notice that kind of stuff, do you?

Thus once more the motion picture industry girds its loins to play host to the millions soon to be sprung from grammar schools and junior highs across the nation. Armed with dimes, quarters, and fifty-cent pieces lovingly bestowed by harassed parents and relatives, they will beat their way into the dark recesses where beautiful images unfold. Benevolent managers will blink away the fact that today's movie has been recommended for adults only. The children grow up so fast these days. And what's this nonsense about classification? Didn't President Kennedy say it's the parents' responsibility to bring up their kids properly? Well, who do you suppose gave the little monsters all that money to buy tickets with in the first place?

The sad—and shocking—fact is that the true "kid picture" has almost ceased to exist. Earlier generations grew up with Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, and Rin-Tin-Tin, or perhaps with Shirley Temple and Jane Withers. Today's delights are Elvis Presley, Frankie Avalon, and Bobby Darin. Of all the studios, only Walt Disney has held to a consistent policy of turning out family entertainment. Not that Disney has always succeeded; but when he has—in such recent films as "Old Yeller," "Pollyanna," "Shaggy Dog," and "The Absent-Minded Professor"—the rewards have been rich, both for the filmgoers and for Disney.

Happily, for those parents who worry about this sort of thing, Disney has done it again. Just in time for vacation, he is releasing "The Parent Trap," starring Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith—and Hayley Mills. Miss Mills, of course, is the wonderful little girl discovered in "Tiger Bay," and brought to stardom in "Pollyanna," a spritely child whose mischievous face belies her depth of feeling. In this comedy, based on Erich Kastner's "Das Doppelte Lottchen," she plays the twin daughters of a divorced couple determined to bring their parents together again. It is a role that gives full scope to her remarkable talents. Without perceptible break in stride, she moves from the serious to the sentimental, from the slapstick to rock-'n'-roll. As in "Pollyanna," director David Swift has carefully rationed the amounts of each, and Miss Mills's cuter mannerisms as well—which only adds to their pungency when they do come. The plot may wear thin at times, but its young star never does. One sobering thought: Disney was particularly astute in coming up with a story that gave her the chance to play *two* little girls. Hayley Mills won't be a child much longer.

ROBERT RADNITZ, the young producer who last year made "Dog of Flanders," is also concerned with the juvenile market. Unlike Disney, however, he has no studio of his own; and the standard reaction to his proposals, he reports, is that "Disney makes *that* kind of picture." Actually, Disney does not. Disney's specialties are whimsy, comedy, and cinematic sleight of hand. Radnitz much prefers the straightforward presentation of juvenile classics, unadorned by camera tricks and uncluttered by popular stars. As much as possible, he lets pictures tell his story, feeling that children respond more directly to images than to words. He likes to work away from the studios, in natural settings.

"Misty," adapted from Marguerite Henry's best-seller, "Misty of Chincoteague," features the wild beauty of the Virginian island noted for its oysters and its untamed ponies. The story is no more complicated than the efforts of two children to capture one of these ponies, to raise it, tame it, and ride it in an annual claiming race. By keeping it always true, simple, and lovely, Mr. Radnitz has turned out a picture that can only enchant children and adults alike. You might watch for both these movies before complaining that there is *nothing* fit for kiddies to see any more.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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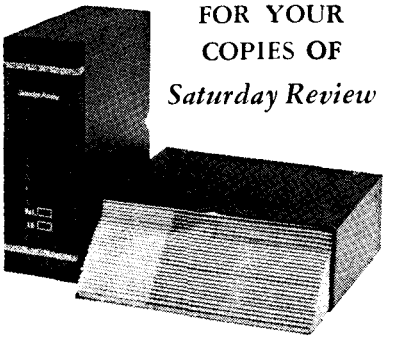

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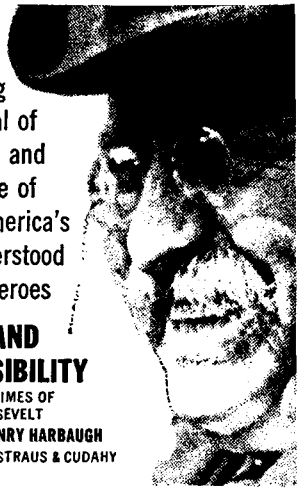

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TV AND RADIO

Do the People Care?

IF Newton N. Minow, the new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, had resigned immediately after his recent daring and refreshing speech to the National Association of Broadcasters in Washington, he would nevertheless have made a historic contribution to the cause of more responsible television and radio. The courage, candor, and integrity of his address have radically changed the climate of the industry. The media, emerging cautiously and hopefully from the aftermath of quiz scandals and payola, and making marginal improvements in informational programming, suddenly found themselves challenged in their soul and substance by criteria that are deep and ultimate. Mr. Minow is not impressed by the slow, patient, ambiguous evolutionary claims of the more enlightened spokesmen for the broadcasters. He has demanded action, at the same time making it clear that he is "unalterably opposed to government censorship."

Fortunately, the young New Frontiersman from Adlai E. Stevenson's Chicago law firm has no intention of resigning. He expects to be around for a long time. Whether he actually meant everything he said, or said some things for "shock effect" to impel the broadcasters into self-improvement, many of them have reacted violently. "Intemperate," "arrogant," "ignorant," "intruding on free enterprise," and "dabbling in program dictation" are some of the reactions. Mr. Minow, like Jonah, who was sent to preach the wickedness of Ninevah, has his stormy seas ahead, perhaps even his ordeal by whale. And he will need more than the good will and rejoicing of the people whose sentiments he has voiced with such dramatic style. His supporters can let him know directly that he has friends in the court of public opinion. They can also make known their approval to the President who appointed him.

The bold young chairman has given the people an even more important assignment, however. The crux of his program is his revival of the old but never tried machinery of local community hearings when station licenses come up for renewal. This procedure cannot succeed without help from the public; but the help cannot be personal, isolated, and fragmentary. It must be effectively organized.

Applications from stations for license renewal come up before the commission every day of the year. In the past they have been granted "pro forma," as a matter of engineering routine. Some former commissioners have wanted to hold local hearings in order to measure the public's view of a station's performance against the statutory promises with which it won its original license. Funds have been requested from Congress in the past, but these have never been sufficient to provide the necessary staff in the field. Chairman Minow did not elaborate, in his NAB address, on how he proposes to get those funds now. Assuming that he can get them, however, assuming that local hearings suddenly become a reality, who is to provide the evidence by which a station's fitness to have its license renewed may be evaluated? It has been customary for stations to submit a record of one week's programming, selected at random. When the procedure was merely perfunctory, never intended to develop into serious sanctions, this was enough. If a real challenge is to be made to a station's fitness, however, it becomes essential to have evidence that is much more comprehensive.

THE collection of such evidence requires methodical monitoring over sustained periods of time. It requires a knowledge of a station's promises to the FCC, an analysis of its total performance. Organizations like the National Association for Better Radio and Television, in Los Angeles, the American Council for Better Broadcasts, in Madison, Wisconsin, and the Milwaukee Radio and Television Council, to name a few outstanding groups, have basic volunteer cadres with relevant experience and motivation. They have found it impossible in the past to get significant financial support. Mr. Minow's call for local action points directly to organizations like these as focal points for such a monitoring and evaluating service. Furthermore, it offers citizen-viewers a participating role in the fight for better broadcasting. If there are truly going to be local hearings, then there will be something less frustrating to do than writing an occasional letter of protest or commendation to a sponsor, network, or local station. Chairman Minow's challenge is not to the broadcasters alone. He intends "to find out whether *the people* care." —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Revolt Before the Revolution

Our growing interest in the great Russian writers is reflected in two recent pairs of complementary titles: ***"Dostoyevsky: A Human Portrait," by Robert Payne*** *(Knopf. 400 pp. $5.75), and* ***"Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to His Family and Friends," translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne*** *(Horizon. 337 pp. $6)*;* ***"Turgenev's Letters: A Selection," edited and translated by Edgar H. Lehrman*** *(Knopf. 401 pp. $5), and* ***"Turgenev: The Novelist's Novelist," by Richard Freeborn*** *(Oxford. 201 pp. $3.40). Critics for the coupled titles are Ernest J. Simmons, author of "Dostoevsky: The Making of a Novelist," and Ivar Spector, who wrote "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture."*

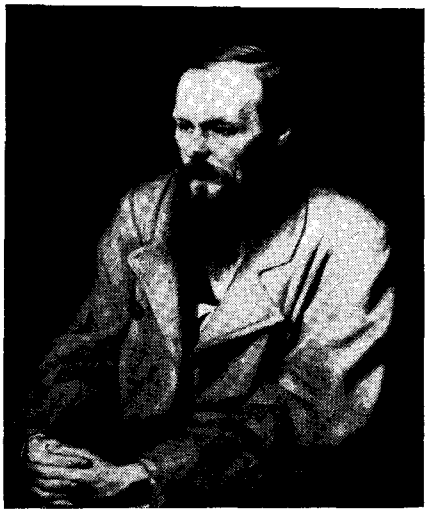
1. *Dostoevsky*

By Ernest J. Simmons

PERHAPS no great literary figure of the nineteenth century has so stirred the mind of modern man as Dostoevsky. There is a striking immediacy in his works, for the profound problems of good and evil, which he so brilliantly dramatized in his great novels, have in turn become the central problems of much contemporary thought. One can trace aspects of indebtedness to Dostoevsky, despite the differences in philosophical aims, in the thinking of Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Sartre, and Camus. Sartre, who pays tribute to the Russian, learned something from his revolt against the tyranny of reason in formulating the existentialist belief that human action becomes simply the expression of a biological urge to self-assertion. And Camus drew heavily upon the agonizing questions raised in "The Brothers Karamazov" in formulating his thesis that the mistaken belief in reason in modern times has led to a loss of all sense of values and to the cynical seizure of power by dictators.

An awareness of this contemporary intellectual ferment directs and informs Robert Payne's fresh and important contribution to our understanding of Dostoevsky. In his Foreword Mr. Payne carefully states the purpose of his study: "I have been more concerned to portray the living man than to use him as a peg for a variety of theories. I wanted to see him plain, with his warts and his strange shuffling walk, so that it would be possible to recognize him if he entered a room." To achieve this end the design of the book involves first a series of absorbingly detailed chapters on Dostoevsky's life up to the writing of "Crime and Punishment." Then the focus shifts to separate treatments of the five major novels, in which the biographical element is limited largely to background material that serves to inform and explain these works. Finally, the emphasis shifts again to the biographical in a consummate handling of the last year or two of Dostoevsky's life, and to a brief critical analysis of the legend that has grown up about the man.

Obviously, the danger of this scheme is the familiar one of falling between the two stools of biography and literary criticism, and it cannot be said that Mr. Payne entirely avoids the dilemma. But if a complete image of Dostoevsky fails to emerge, a number of aspects of his personality are brought out with striking clarity and convincingness. In a limited sense one can accept Mr. Payne's assertion that the novels are autobiographical and that Dostoevsky could not help being all his characters, but plainly this contention in itself is of little assistance in constructing a definitive image of the man. If there are certain aspects of Vasya Shumkov, Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, and Alyosha and Ivan Karamazov that resemble facets of Dostoevsky, there are still more that do not. Here only a patient differentiation, correlated with the mass of objective evidence about Dostoevsky, can serve to illuminate the dark recesses of his complex personality.



Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky—"penetrates the blackness of man's soul."

There is a sense, Mr. Payne declares, in which the major novels are the record of man's progress through "the dark night of his soul" until he comes into the presence of God. This belief lends a certain unity of perception to his analysis of the novels, and what he has to say about them is occasionally quite original and rich in acute insights and brilliant critical generalizations. For example, at the beginning of his treatment of "Crime and Punishment" there is a subtle effort to describe the singular quality of Dostoevsky's imagination. Like the piercing beam of a powerful searchlight, it penetrates the blackness of man's soul, and pinpoints, to the exclusion of all else, the special trait of his nature that defines his total personality. However, it seems a mistake to attribute the happy ending of this novel – Dostoevsky had contemplated concluding it with the suicide of Raskolnikov—to the benign influence of the author's love for his young secretary, the woman who later became his second wife. It could just as easily be set down as a concession to the tradition of happy endings in fiction at that time. But neither of these explanations does justice to Dostoevsky's art. However unconvincing the conclusion of the novel may be, it is entirely consistent with the declared purpose Dostoevsky had in mind when he began to write it. Raskolnikov, a victim of the nihilistic thinking of the times, which Dostoevsky deplored, was destined to expiate his crime and win his way to salvation through suffering.

Mr. Payne makes excellent use of the published notebooks of Dostoevsky which have not yet been translated into English. These are necessary for any

*Although Mr. Payne's book employs an alternate spelling of the Russian writer's name *SR*'s usual spelling prevails throughout this article.

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understanding of Dostoevsky's creative process, for they take the investigator into the artist's laboratory, as it were, and reveal the inception and extraordinarily ramified development of each of the great novels. And in them, as Mr. Payne brings out, may be found confirmation of Dostoevsky's tormented search for faith, for God, a search that also dominates the minds of his great characters. But the search continually led him into the furnace of doubt, a fact that Mr. Payne perhaps insufficiently stresses in his analysis, although he explicitly recognizes it at the end. For the essence of Dostoevsky's art, its wonderful vitality and everlasting challenge, is anchored in doubt; the choices between good and evil remain unresolved in the end, as they do in the *minds of living men.*

So numerous and varied are the studies of Dostoevsky and his fiction that it is now extremely difficult to say a new word about him. Mr. Payne, however, has succeeded in doing just that. His book marks an advance, both factually and in his interpretation of the novels, and the many students of Dostoevsky will derive pleasure and profit from reading it.

Mr. Payne also makes copious and effective use of the letters of Dostoevsky, which are a primary source for an understanding of both his life and his art. And in this sense it is a pleasure to welcome a new edition of the old volume of letters, long since out of print, translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne, and here ably introduced by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Unlike Pushkin or Chekhov, the talents of Dostoevsky were not suited to transforming humble epistolary prose into the sheer gold of literature. Nor had he the occasional weakness for gossip, the widespread interest in people and events, or the sharp wit that sometimes make the letters of Turgenev and Tolstoy a joy to read. There is no light touch and rarely a sense of humor in Dostoevsky's letters. With some exceptions, however, it is his very egocentricity, his persistent concentration on the daily events of his own life and the plans and progress of his work, that make his letters an invaluable body of evidence for students of his biography and art. Each of the major novels, for example, is preceded by letters in which he summarizes the contents of the work and states his artistic purpose. And scattered through the letters are profound observations on himself, on life, art, moral values, nations, culture, and religion.

However, one may be permitted to regret that more ambitious planning did not guide those responsible for reissuing this fine collection. Though the original selection from sources available at that time shows good judgment, only seventy-seven letters were included. But the four-volume Moscow edition, which has recently been completed, contains more than 900 letters, and many of the most important ones in this admirable collection have not yet been translated into English. It is therefore a pity that some attempt was not made to piece out the imperfections of this reissue, in terms of its coverage, by including a substantial selection from the new material now available in Russian.

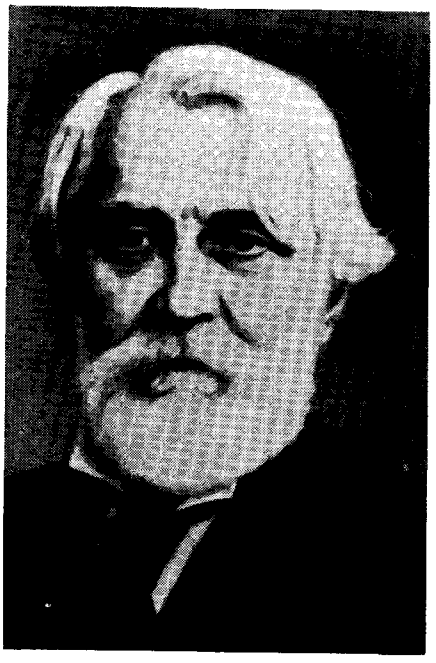
2. *Turgenev*

By Ivar Spector

WITH the growing interest in this country in Russian literature, the appearance of two new volumes on Turgenev should be welcomed by both the specialist and the general reader, for, in many respects, these titles complement one another.

The "Letters" comprise 425 translations from the Russian, French, and German originals, with an introduction and list of sources. It was the editor's objective to select those letters that shed light on Turgenev's works, on his state of mind, his reactions to the works of others, and his awareness of the major political and international events of his time.

Unfortunately, the letters are abridged—in many cases, drastically so. Moreover, for this type of work, the translation from the Russian is inadequate, sometimes poor, and even inaccurate. The translator does not evince the same "feel" for the Russian language and its idiom as do Richard Freeborn, David Magarshak, and Avrahm Yarmolinsky, all of whom have written studies of Turgenev.



Ivan Turgenev: "Only the educated class . . . supports revolutionary propaganda."

Although Turgenev is acclaimed today by the literate masses of the Soviet Union, the "Letters" clearly indicate that it was never his intention to write for the people at large. In a letter to Countess Lambert, dated May 9, 1853, he confessed: "I have never written for the people. Beginning with 'A Sportsman's Sketches' and finishing with 'Fathers and Children,' I have written for that class of the public to which I belong." In a continuation of this passage, which the editor neglected to translate, Turgenev added: "Nor will I ever write a story for the people at large. To do this would require an altogether different mentality and character." Elsewhere, in a letter to the well-known Russian publicist and literary critic, Alexander Herzen, in 1862, Turgenev explained in a different vein why he wrote only for his own class—the elite: "Revolution . . . exists only within a minority of the educated class. . . . Only the educated class . . . supports revolutionary propaganda. In any case, you have no other public."

In other words, Turgenev, who was at heart a revolutionist of pre-Marxist vintage, wrote for the revolutionary-minded intellectuals. In his time the masses were still inarticulate. To him, however, revolution meant, not violence and terrorism, but constitutional monarchy patterned largely after that in England. His diagnosis, at least as far as Russia was concerned, proved correct. Both the Russian Revolution of 1905 and the March Revolution of 1917, which overthrew the Romanov dynasty, were led primarily by the non-Communist Russian intelligentsia, who were conscience-stricken by the plight of the people. It is significant that the Soviets today, especially in their relations with the underdeveloped countries, have reached the same conclusion as Turgenev did. They now appeal, not to the masses but to the intellectual elite, as the only effective means of promoting change or revolution.

From the "Letters" the reader might well conclude that it was Goethe who made the strongest impact upon Turgenev. The thesis of Richard Freeborn's "Turgenev: The Novelist's Novelist" is that "Hamlet" and "Don Quixote" provide the key to his works, especially to those that Freeborn terms the four major novels: "Rudin" (1856), "A Nest of Gentry" (1859), "On the Eve" (1860), and "Fathers and Children" (1862). "Bazarov's death," says Free-

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born in connection with the last-mentioned of these novels, "illustrates the inability of man to attain that heroic self-sufficiency, the unification of Hamlet and Don Quixote, which is his only hope of reconciliation in life."

Freeborn rates "Fathers and Children" as "the most artistically perfect, structurally unified and ideologically compelling of Turgenev's novels." Whether or not one agrees with him that this was Turgenev's best novel, undoubtedly it was the most controversial. It shook Russian society profoundly. In retrospect, it is difficult to say which element in the novel—the social desegregation (Nikolay Kirsanov's marriage to Fenitchka) or Bazarov's ideology (nihilism)—aroused the most criticism. Among the nineteenth-century nest of gentry the line of social demarcation was as rigid as the color line in the American South during the same period.

WITH some justification, Freeborn depicts Bazarov as the forerunner or prototype of the Russian Populists ("Narodniki") of the late 1860s and Seventies. Populism motivated idealistic and ideological young Russian intellectuals, whose outlook already was that of the twentieth century, to "go to the people" still living in the eighteenth century, and to live as they lived in order to win them over, to enlighten them, and to lift them out of the morass of ignorance and poverty in which they vegetated. Bazarov's purpose was, of course, ideological enlightenment, intended to arouse the people against the existing order. Others had more altruistic motives. In retrospect, the Populist Movement was a kind of nineteenth-century version of the Peace Corps now being organized in the United States for service in Africa, although without government sponsorship—in fact, in direct opposition to Russian autocracy.

According to Freeborn, Turgenev's novel "Virgin Soil" (1876) was a failure. He has labeled it "an old man's novel," without passion, and a literary ancestor of the socialist-realist novel characteristic of Soviet literature. In reality, "Virgin Soil" provided the best firsthand interpretation of the Populist Movement, which, because the circumstances connected with it were so artificial, failed to work in practice. In the opinion of this reviewer, "Virgin Soil" is perhaps the most mature and the most constructive of Turgenev's novels. It brought down upon Turgenev the wrath of the progressively-minded intelligentsia for whom his novels had been written and in whom he once believed lay Russia's salvation for the future. In this novel, however, Turgenev indicated that Russia's future lay neither with the nest of gentry nor with young intellectuals like Nezhdanov, but with the mature and practical businessman, Salomin, the representative of a Russian middle class. This was a sound diagnosis, as events were to prove, although the Czarist government did not resort to Turgenev's solution until the advent of Stolypin's land reforms (1906-1911).

"Virgin Soil" is recommended to all youthful intellectuals, and to their mentors, who are launching upon a term of voluntary service in Africa and/or

the United States, as a text to enable them to avoid the errors of the Russian Populists, who, incidentally, in going to the Russian people faced no problems of race, language, religion, or nationality.

Dr. Freeborn's study is a welcome addition to the earlier biographies by Magarshak and Yarmolinsky. It is well written, thought-provoking, and the technique of presentation is strongly reminiscent of Turgenev's own work.

Both Lehrman and Freeborn leave the reader with the impression that Turgenev experienced three great and enduring loves: literature, Madame Viardot, and Russia.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 931

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 931 will be found in the next issue.

GALCHQDHBE F KMCANO MP KOTQO HQ CHSO RTMGGHBE F TMQO — GOZFC RMXB ZDO ETFBR WFBJMB FBR XFHZHBE PMT ZDO OWDM.

RMB NFTYAHQ.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 930

Ideas are very much like children —your own are wonderful.

—ANONYMOUS.

Criminal Record

THE MEN WHO ROBBED BRINK'S. *By Specs O'Keefe with Bob Considine. Random House.* $3.95. **THE GREAT BRINK'S HOLDUP.** *By Sid Feder and Edward Gibbons, completed by Joseph F. Dineen. Doubleday.* $3.95. First title, a start-to-finish rundown of Boston's sensational 1950 heist ($1,218,-211.29 cash) largely in the words of a participant, offers eloquent proof that crime does not pay even when it pays off. Conscientious job and a masterly piece of reporting. Second title is a detached, over-all narrative, which includes numerous additional details—the original Brink's first name, for instance, was Perry, and he was a Vermonter. It supplements the first title effectively, although not by design. Read this comprehensive pair and you will be an authority on a red-letter chapter in the long history of evildoing. Both books admit they can't answer one question: What became of the money?

THE OMNIBUS OF CRIME. *Edited by Dorothy L. Sayers. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.95. First issued in 1929, this jumbo of an anthology (920 pp.) was a factor in bringing about the Depression era renaissance of the mystery story; contents run from the Apocrypha to H. G. Wells; editor's introduction is fine historical survey of field. Welcome back!

NIGHTMARE. *By Anne Blaisdell. Harper.* $3.50. Yank gal in Britain on mercy mission (visit to mother of heroine's fiancé, dead in air-crash) runs into screwball types; bachelor English author to rescue. See Wales at its wildest in this bang-bang item.

BACHELORS GET LONELY. *By A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $2.95. Los Angeles private-eye team of Cool and Lam almost falls apart when junior partner pulls fast ones that drive Sgt. Frank Sellers practically nuts; unsought tot present, also corpse. Bertha is slightly less credible than usual in this one.

A DEATH AT SEA. *B Lionel White. Dutton.* $2.95. New York sports writer, looking into demise of brother (operator of Key West charter boat), uncovers multiple crime wave (plenty deaths on land, too). Slick and smooth.

THE DEVIL WAS HANDSOME. *By Maurice Procter. Harper.* $3.50. Chief Inspector Martineau of Granchester, Eng., and his alert crew (including delightful and brainy policewoman) round up assorted wrongdoers engaged in fine

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variety of felonies topped by murder. Superb detection number.

MAIGRET RENTS A ROOM. *By Georges Simenon. Crime Club.* $2.95. Sûreté ace enrolls in modest Left Bank lodging house in order to snag cop's would-be killer. Much Q&A, much ocular observation—and he gets his man. In the groove, as always.

DIAMONDS ARE DANGEROUS. *By Captain J. H. du Plessis. John Day.* $3.95. Investigator for International Diamond Security Organization narrates true adventures in combating illicit gem traffic in Africa and does an exciting job.

A DELIVERY OF FURIES. *By Victor Canning. Sloane.* $3.75. Ex-R.A.F. pilot undertakes desperate gamble in Caribbean political take-over (furies, by the way, are warplanes). Superior, as usual.

SQUAD ROOM. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Two full-length recitals of fresh exploits of good old 87th Precinct, "Killer's Payoff" and "Lady Killer," make up this fine chase-and-get performance.

KILLERS IN THE SUN. *By J. Earle Dixon. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Australian insurance ace journeys Spainward to look into death of six-figure policy-holder (suicide or murder?); bulls stomp and charge. Rather talkative.

ADAM'S CASE. *By Michael Underwood. Crime Club.* $2.95. Youthful English barrister looks behind verdict in minor assault shindig and winds up playing detective on trail of killer; Yard is annoyed. Good fun and good hunting.

ASSIGNMENT: SUSPENSE. *By Helen MacInnes. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.75. Three-way omnibus includes the memorable "Above Suspicion" (1941), "Horizon" (1945), and "Assignment in Brittany" (1942); all reflect the days of the Nazi overlordship; all involve peril, escape, pursuit; new introduction. Prize package.

HOMICIDE WEST. *By Samuel Krasney. Morrow.* $2.95. Discovery of racketeer's nude corpse in abandoned car finds Manhattan cops pitted against Brooklyn rivals; Lt. Abe Larsen carries on. Crimson dye abounds.

HOURS TO KILL. *By Ursula Curtiss. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Eastern gal, left to guard rented house in New Mexico while sister and spouse take trip, is disturbed by sinister portents; murder erupts; eight-year-old moppet in cast. Ingenious and haunting baffler.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Talk with the P.M.

(*Continued from page* 13)

essentially, I think the same as I used to think. It surprises me, in fact, when I look back at something I have written thirty or forty years ago, perhaps a letter or an article, and I realize that I could have written the same thing today."

"Passing from retrospect to prospect," I asked, "are you looking forward to the time when you can be relieved of the burden of your office?"

Mr. Nehru's brows furrowed somewhat.

"My job is a long way from being over," he said.

"But suppose someone with a magic wand should come along and say: 'Everything you wish for India has now come true. India is now a political unity. The separatist movements have disappeared. The country is consolidated and on the right road. You are now entitled to put aside your official duties; you now have five years to yourself—five years to do all the things you couldn't do while in office.' How would you spend those five years?"

THE P.M. blinked and seemed at a complete loss. If I had thought the prospect of personal freedom would be pleasing to him I quickly perceived I was mistaken. For the first time in any of our conversations over the years, he seemed to stammer somewhat.

"Well, that is a very hypothetical question," he said. "I'm not sure I can conceive of my job as having ended. I don't feel oppressed by my job. I don't regard it as a burden, if I may say so. But if I must answer the question, what would I do if I retired, well, I suppose I might look around a bit—travel a bit; I might wander around the mountains, thinking quietly and reading. I like the mountains. Yes, I would think and read. I don't think I would be bored. But I think I might miss the hectic kind of life I lead. One gets into certain habits. Of course, one can become very tired at times, too. That is why I suggested —two years back, I think—that I might take a furlough of perhaps six months from the Prime Ministership. There was something of a storm in response and I had to give the idea up."

This seemed to set the stage for the number one question everyone in India had been speculating about—what after Nehru? Whom did he favor as his successor? Was he training anyone? I knew that he disliked having these questions put to him, but I took the plunge.

"Mr. Prime Minister," I said, "Gandhi's legacy to India was great, and it may be that historians will say that the greatest part of that legacy was you. Now, Mr. Prime Minister, who is your legacy to India?"

The P.M. took a deep breath.

"Who is *my* legacy to India? Hopefully, it is 400,000,000 people capable of governing themseves. People often ask, who will follow me? I don't know why they should expect me to give the answer. Only they can or should give the answer. I suppose they want me to name a person or a few persons. I happen not to see it that way. I have always been more concerned about training vast numbers of people to maintain a free and independent society than I am about training just a few people.

"You see," he continued, "I like to think of myself as being on a pilgrimage with millions of people. And it's the destination that's important—and the movement of 400,000,000 people in that direction.

"This business of picking an individual successor is something I find quite alien to my way of thinking. I am not trying to start a dynasty. I am not capable of ruling from the grave. How terrible it would be if I, after all I have said about the processes of democratic government, were to attempt to handpick a successor. The best I can do for India is to help our people as a whole to generate new leadership as it may be needed."

"Do you feel the Indian people are ready to generate new leadership if it becomes necessary for them to do so? Are you apprehensive about India's ability to find your successor?"

"No, I am not apprehensive. New leadership will emerge."

"Do you see anyone who combines two roles as you have done—the philosopher and the man of action? Also, the role of influential world figure as well as leader of your own country?"

"Again I say I do not have the right to designate any such person. He will have to be himself, whoever he is. His qualities, whatever they are, will have to fit the new needs. You speak of a double role. The principal double role I had was chronological; that is, I was heavily involved in both the struggle for independence and the operation of this independent government. In this sense, it will be impossible to have another person with exactly the same background. Anyway, there is no point in using me as a measuring rod for finding another. And there is no point in looking for a superman."

Yet, wasn't it natural for people to take on the values of great leaders and then look for those values in their search for other leaders? For example, Gandhi believed in the personal hunger fast as

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a technique for accomplishing great political purpose; and now the hunger strike, so effective against Great Britain, is being used by Indians against the Indian government itself. How did Mr. Nehru feel when the hunger strike was directed against him and he had to deal with it?

"To tell you the truth," he said. "I didn't approve of fasting as a political weapon even when Gandhi practised it. I don't think I fully understood it, either. But we in India came to accept many things about Gandhiji we didn't fully understand. I am not quite prepared to extend that same privilege to others. Here today in India, as you say, fasting has become quite common. It is being used for important objectives, of course, as in the case of the separatist movement. But it is also being used for all sorts of ridiculous purposes. Some students who don't like the grades they have received will go on a hunger strike against their professors and will force a change in their grades. Either way—whether for serious ends or petty ends—I don't like it. I have made it clear that the government will not be influenced by hunger strikes."

I THEN asked the P.M. about the Gandhi legacy of passive resistance and its effect on present government policy or such issues as the Kashmir dispute with Pakistan and the Chinese encroachment on territory India claims as its own. When the raids took place against the Kashmir Mr. Nehru was faced with his first major test. Gandhi had taught India to accomplish its purposes with nonviolent means. Yet Mr. Nehru as Prime Minister didn't hesitate for a moment to commit armed force in the Kashmir. How did he reconcile this action with the nonviolence ideas of Gandhi?

"It was a terrible time," he said. "When the news reached me about Kashmir I knew I would have to act at once—with force. Yet I was greatly troubled in mind and spirit because I knew that we might have to face a war—so soon after achieving our independence through a philosophy of nonviolence. It was horrible to think of. Yet I acted. Gandhi said nothing to indicate his disapproval. It was a great relief, I must say. If Gandhi, the vigorous nonviolent, didn't demur, it made my job a lot easier. This strengthened my view that Gandhi could be adaptable."

It was getting late; I knew I was keeping the P.M. from his dinner. As I got up to leave, I asked him my final question.

"Mr. Prime Minister," I said, "I suppose that you come closer to the Platonic ideal of the philosopher-statesman than perhaps any political leader in the modern world. What would your advice be to a young philosopher who wanted to go into government?"

Mr. Nehru smiled broadly.

"Cease philosophizing and do something," he said.

Man in the Boat

By S. Dorman

SKIPPERED by squint, the small boat opens
fields of mercury with its wooden blade.
Stars of salt erupt upon the windscreen.
John, the old man, (hard as the teak deck)
leans on his thought, bedazzled by the jazz
of sun on water. "To drown," he thinks. "Hearsay.
A legend, a funeral without a body. Nothing
to do with dying. If I die, that's real. Drowning
is shadow, underneath it all. But do I want for water?"

Turns north: in its round coffin the needle nerves
and quivers on the zero, cold mouth of storms.
Sunlight skips like flint across tiderips
into the corner of his eyes. Reflections in the screen
show the boat's wake opening like pages of a book.

Helpless, hard fixed between horizon where he goes
and the wake folding up behind; all out of focus;
he finds the ghost in the glass screen more real.
Balanced neither here nor there he steals a look
over the side: ripple and bulge of water going by.
In the green deeps
he sees the shadow and winces at its silent speed.
Tries, leaning toward salt stars, to clarify
his vision of the shore and only finds the furrows
closing behind him where he's been.

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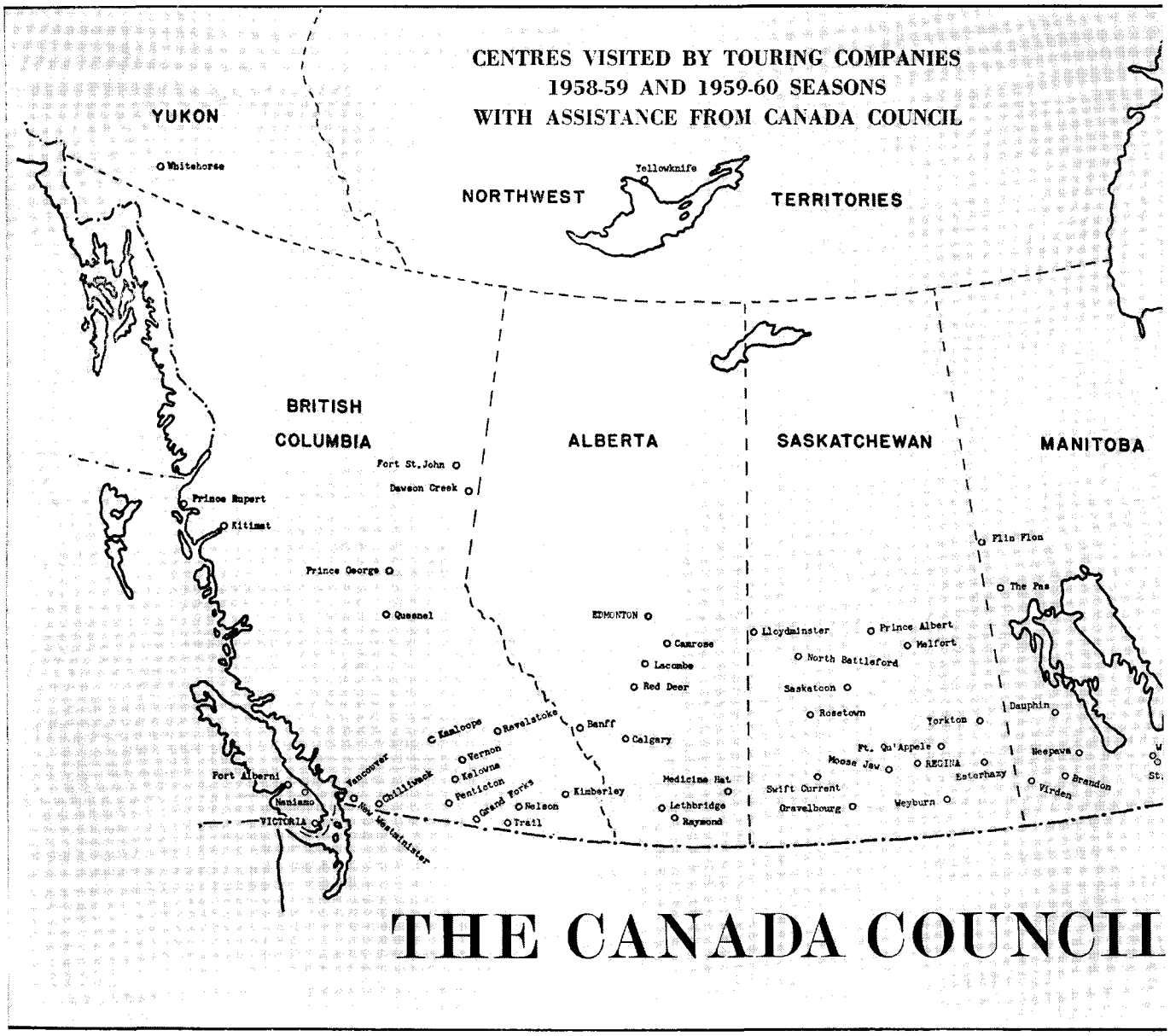

SR/RECORDINGS

MAY 27, 1961

THE CANADA COUNCIL
By Eric McLean 34

STEREO COMES TO FM
By Jim Carroll 38

TWELVE-TONE FOR EVERYMAN
By Michael Steinberg 39

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 40

ROSSINI, COMIC AND COMICKER
By Jean Bowen 43

EARMARKS
By Frederic Ramsey, Jr. 46

By ERIC McLEAN,
Music Editor, Montreal Star.

NOT LONG ago a number of Canadian painters, musicians, and writers met in Toronto to discuss their problems under the rather grand title of the Canadian Conference of the Arts. Each paid his own way, but there are always organizational expenses in such matters. In this case, they amounted to $10,000. The writers and others couldn't afford the expense, but somebody picked up the tab.

During the summer months, visitors from the United States and many parts of Canada will converge on Stratford, Ontario, for its ninth annual Shakespearean Festival. For a good many more in Canada, where distances are vast and the small population is scattered, Stratford is as remote as Tristan da Cunha. But during July a trainload of 150 high school students chosen by school boards in various locations will descend on Stratford for a few days of concentrated listening and looking. Cost—$21,000.

On the West Coast, Vancouver has been trying to crash the international festival market since 1958, but while there has been bold talk of deficit financing, the costs of the project have been heavier than expected, and the response from the public, especially in the neighboring areas of Seattle and Portland, has been disappointing. Nevertheless, this summer the festival will present the first North American performances of Benjamin Britten's version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In every case it is the Canada Council that has extended a helping hand, not alone in encouragement, but also in cash underwriting. By comparison

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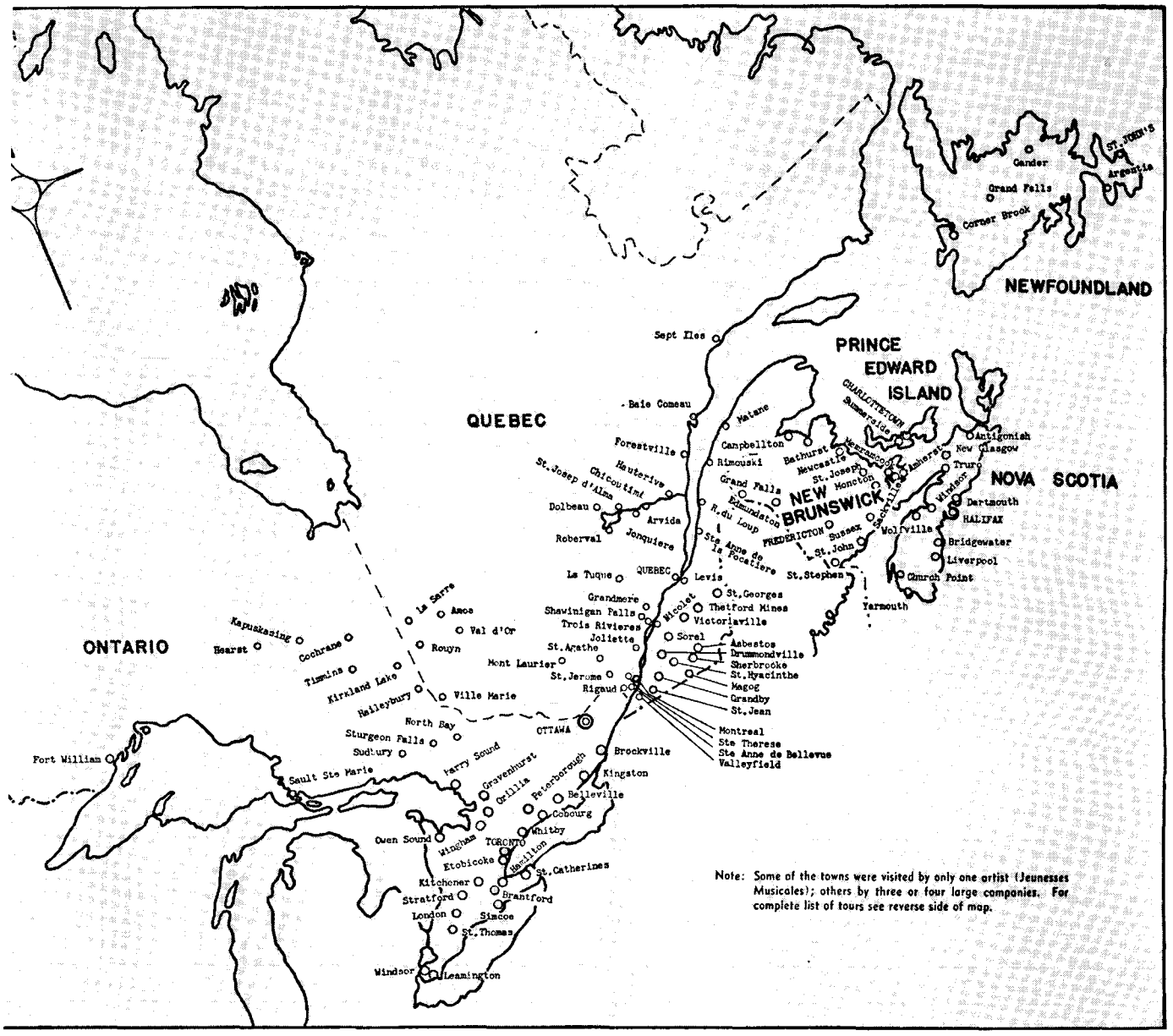

Note: Some of the towns were visited by only one artist (Jeunesses Musicales); others by three or four large companies. For complete list of tours see reverse side of map.

with the grants from foundations and funds in the United States, such sums (even the basic $35,000 for the Vancouver Festival, plus a bonus of $10,000 for the Britten project) are small. What gives them importance, however, is this: the Council is the creation of the Canadian Government—which inclines some people to feel that it represents a sinister shift toward a socialistic Ministry of Culture. However, even the staunchest Tories have come to realize that the existence of the country is dependent on government subsidies of one sort and another—rail and air communications, radio, etc.

Even more important, the existence of Canadians as individuals with a culture of their own may be just as dependent on the Council's mission. One of its main purposes is to explain the difference between a Canadian and an American, although it would never be described officially in that way. A large part of its time and efforts has been devoted to the search for a Canadian image, not in the spirit of an information service and not with the purpose of clarifying things for Americans or Europeans, but rather to help the Canadian understand himself a little better.

TO HAVE the Englishman comment on the insignificance of the things that make the Canadian different is small comfort to the Canadian nowadays. He isn't looking for a way to return to the British fold. Nor is he cheered by the American's assertion that the Canadian is his double. That sort of anonymity, in which individuality is related to a Mountie or a bad joke about prohibition, is not enough. The Canadians are too rich now, and too much aware of an important future to accept such patronage. As Lester B. Pearson, leader of the Liberal Party, put it, we love the United States but we don't want to marry the brute.

The problem was brought into focus shortly after World War II. It hadn't come to marriage yet, but the love affair was apparent even to the least perceptive. American magazines, American radio, American movies, and eventually American TV were flowing across the border. No one seemed to mind that they virtually eliminated competition from the smaller, less well-heeled Canadian ventures in these fields. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation attempted to combat this influence by controlling the ratio of American and Canadian content on its programs, as well as the ratio of live to canned broadcasts. Its efforts were under constant fire from the government opposition and from a large percentage of news-

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papers, which regarded such control as an invasion of private rights.

The tide began to turn twelve years ago, when the Prime Minister of the then Liberal government, Louis St. Laurent, called for the appointment of a Royal Commission "to study National Development in the Arts, Letters, and Sciences." In one direction lay total absorption by the United States—a long, slow swallow that hardly anyone would notice and that even the victim would not resent. Or if "victim" presents a misleading image (because no blame attaches to America) let us say that Canada would simply smother itself on Columbia's ample breast. In the other direction lay Canadianism. It would be a little synthetic for a while, perhaps; it would mean nurturing regional characteristics that might be considered outmoded in these less isolated times. But if it worked, the Canadians would be able to go back to loving Americans again.

Out of the studies that followed, the two years spent in holding hearings across the country, reading documents solicited from organizations and individuals, emerged a 500-page document that came to be known as the Massey Report (a tribute to the Commission's head, the Right Honorable Vincent Massey, later to become Governor General of Canada). It was a best-seller among government documents in 1951.

The recommendation of the commission that attracted the widest attention read like this: "We therefore recommend that a body be created to be known as the Canada Council for the Encouragement of the Arts, Letters, Humanities, and Social Sciences, to stimulate and to help voluntary organizations within these fields, to foster Canada's cultural relations abroad, to perform the function of a national commission for UNESCO, and to devise and administer a system of scholarships."

No one has thought of a satisfactory explanation for the six-year delay between the appearance of the report and the implementation of its most important recommendations. Part of it was due to the objection of Maurice Duplessis, Premier of the predominantly French-speaking (and Roman Catholic) province of Quebec, to the University Capital Grants Fund. He claimed, with some justice, that it would represent federal interference in education, a purely provincial field and one that in Quebec is dominated by the Catholic School Commission. To date, no grant has been made from the fund to a Quebec institution. (The Ottawa government was reluctant to oppose Duplessis, who had been put in power by the province that contains approximately a third of the voting population of Canada.)

The Council was discussed through each session of Parliament, and in 1956 the Liberals managed to delay action for another seven months with the excuse that qualified members for the council, who had already been selected, were too busy at the time to give their services.

WHEN the act creating the Council was finally passed on March 28, 1957, the news reports gave first importance to the method of financing the council. Its funds came from the succession duties on the estates of two millionaires from the maritime provinces: Sir James Dunn, who died in his summer home at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, on January 1, 1956, leaving an estate of $70,000,000; and Isaac Walton Killam, who had died five months before at his fishing camp at Cascapedia Quel, leaving an estate of $100,000,000.

Duties on the two estates came to an even $100,000,000, which was immediately earmarked for the Council. Ironically, the arts and letters had not been among the favorite charities of either tycoon in his lifetime.

The amount of money in the Council's hands places it seventh in order of importance among the trusts and foundations of the United States and Canada. But even this comparison exaggerates the Council's wealth. Only half is a permanent fund. The other $50,000,000 was earmarked as a University Capital Grants Fund, to be given away—capital and interest—on a ten-year schedule to help Canadian universities in long-overdue building assistance.

This means that by 1967 the Canada Council's total capital will be reduced to $50,000,000 dollars, unless it receives more in the meantime. The Council is so constituted that gifts may be sent to it tax free, a privilege few Canadians have exercised. They seem to take the attitude that, once the Council was created, the finger was in the dike, the crisis averted. If the Council couldn't cure whatever was wrong with Canadian culture with its present funds, at least it had enough to produce a good definition of the trouble.

Although the largest grants, at present, are being made from the University Capital Grants Fund, the Council activity that has attracted the most attention has been the assistance to artists, artistic organizations, and scholars, fields in which there are no fixed standards. The decision to support the work of a particular composer or painter must be made on much more subjective grounds than a grant of *x* million dollars to a university for a new library or auditorium. The test relates to the search for an identity previously remarked.

To this end, the Council has disbursed something in the neighborhood of $4,000,000 in fellowships to composers, painters, and writers, in direct gifts to artistic organizations, and in financing the transportation of audiences from small towns and rural communities into nearby population centers to give them an idea of what Canadians are doing in the way of expressing themselves.

Such priming of the artistic pump is only one of several functions of the Council, and the one expending the smallest amount of their funds. Other responsibilities relate to allotment of scholarships in social sciences and the humanities, and the operation of the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO. Among these, after administrative costs have been deducted from the Endowment Fund, 55 per cent of the remainder goes to the arts. Grants from these funds, in the last budget, include such things as $206,500 to symphony orchestras; $7,400 to commission orchestral works; $162,500 to festivals; $85,000 to permanent theatre companies; $36,000 for touring theatre companies; $145,000 for ballet; $72,000 for opera, and so on.

IN THE minds of most people, benevolent foundations deal largely in fat, round sums, giving comfort to the student in Paris or sustenance to the archeologist in the Cyclades, sums with a ring to them—sums in six figures, or $10,000, certainly nothing less than $2,000.

For this reason, it might surprise some to find listed in the Canada Council reports such entries as the following: $120 to Maria Pellegrini of Ottawa, to enable her to go to Toronto for an audition; $50 to Dr. James Reaney of Winnipeg, a travel grant to go to Toronto to assist in the production of his play "The Killdeer" (this would take Dr. Reaney only halfway, and he would have to pay the rest himself); $300 to Mrs. Dorothy MacPherson, a travel grant to participate at the fifth annual Robert Flaherty Film Seminar at the University of California.

These small sums must not be taken as an indication that the Council's eye is on the sparrow. It means, rather, that it is slicing carefully a very small budget for a very big job. When you consider the handful of Canadian people rattling around in the third largest country in the world (larger than the continental U.S. but with only about a tenth of the population) it is difficult to talk about culture. If the population of Canada were spread evenly over its

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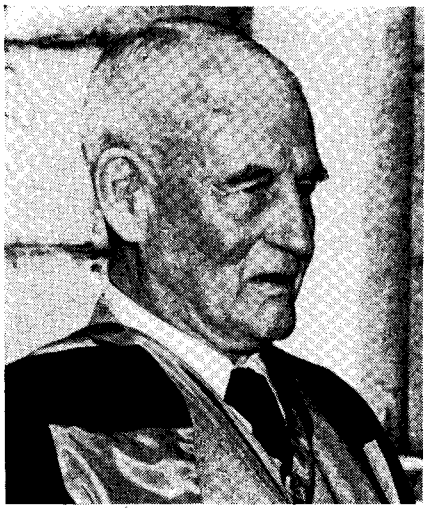
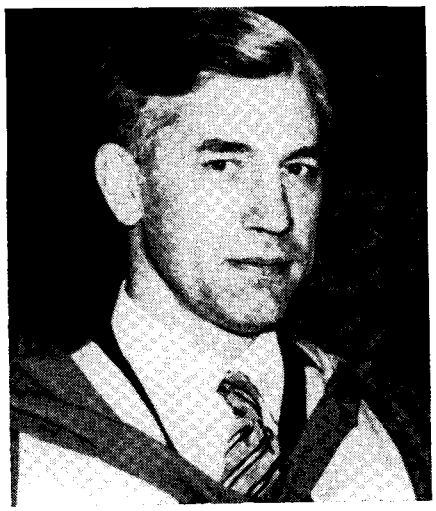


Sir James Dunn—"the arts and letters had not been among [his] favorite charities."



Dr. A. W. Trueman, Director of the Canada Council.

Dr. Claude T. Bissell—"the tyranny of the uninformed."

territory (momentarily ignoring the fact that many of them would have to be amphibious), they would not be within sight of each other, let alone talking, or spitting, distance. The actual distribution is a little different, though almost as curious. Seventy per cent of Canadians live within 100 miles of the U.S. border, almost as though this strip of towns and cities were snuggling up to an imaginary wall for warmth.

THE Council's job might be described as trying to persuade the Canadians that south is not the only direction in which to face, or that they have been left "outside." An important aspect of the problem was well defined in a recent article by one of its officers: "While contemporary creative activity abroad is the product of centuries of interchange between artist and audience, here the Council is being charged with the difficult task of helping to bring forth the chicken and the egg simultaneously. Finding and encouraging creative artists is not enough. To ensure the final independence and even survival of these artists, an important part of the Council's function must be to help enlarge the demand for their talents."

In other words, creating an audience. After four years' experience, this aspect of the problem has earned more and more of the Council's attention. Creation and re-creation is very well, but getting the audience and the performers together is of crucial importance. To this end, the Canadian Players (a company employing many of the Stratford actors during the winter months) were sponsored by the Council on a tour of sixty towns from coast to coast last year. At the same time, 6,000 high school students were shipped from rural districts into the towns on the company's itinerary.

Subsidies for a theatre troupe rarely amount to more than a fraction of their touring costs. The Council pares down its assistance to the crucial point where the company would decide to give up the tour, then adds a smidgin more.

Two years ago the Canadian Opera Company, operating out of Toronto, gave a two-week season with three works (including Prokofiev's "Love for Three Oranges"), then went on a cross-country tour of forty performances. The resulting deficit of $137,000 was met by private donations of $77,000, and a $60,000 grant from the Council.

There have been critics of the Council, but most of them have objected to the way in which assistance is meted out rather than to the principle of assistance itself. Some feel that the system of piecemeal grants is pernicious. Others have contended that if the arts were really respected, they would be supported by a Ministry of Culture with a large budget. Probably the most common criticism of all is that a Council is a long-haired outfit, somewhere up on Cloud 9, and that it should take steps to get in touch with the common man, or consult the average taxpayer on how this money should be spent in the cultural fields.

To paraphrase the Council's attitude, the Council has been charged with the job of making the common man less common, and they have no intention of consulting him on methods.

The Council has only six salaried officers, none of them identified with political parties: a Director, Dr. A. W. Trueman; an Associate Director, Eugene Bussière; a Treasurer, Douglas Fullerton; a Supervisor of the Arts Program, Peter M. Dwyer; a Supervisor of the Scholarship Program, Henri Charbonneau; and a Secretary, Lillian Breen. The chairman, Dr. Claude T. Bissell, replied recently to charges against the nineteen-member Council (voluntary and noncompensated) by pointing out that at present it relies on informed groups and individuals for its decision, with applications for grants from the Endowment Fund sifted by, for the arts, 150 adjudicators. He admitted that information is often marked by "cults, petty jealousies, and prejudices. But the alternative is to shift our sources of advice to those people who, to coin a phrase, know nothing about art but know what they like. Ultimately this is to substitute the most terrible of all tyrannies: the tyranny of the uninformed."

RUSSIA, observes Dr. Bissell, had tried this pseudo-democratic method of promoting culture, and the result was "picture postcard painting and propaganda fiction. You will notice that the USSR has not adopted the same method in the sciences. That is why its conquest of outer space is more significant than its conquest of inner space."

No one has attempted to assess the result of the Canada Council's work. Four years is hardly time enough to allow such a "first growth" to bear ripe fruit.

But the Council itself is sure enough of its importance to the country and of the direction in which it is going to ask the government for another $10,000,000 to help it along.

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STEREO COMES TO FM

Prospect—Part I

THE recent FCC ruling opens wide the door for a new system of stereo broadcasting. Owners of hi-fi equipment, hitherto restricted to use of their stereo amplifiers and speakers in self-originated programs from disc or tape, can now broaden their horizons to include an FM station's stereo library by addition of a multiplex adapter. The specifications announced by the FCC report and order, Docket 13506, standardize the methods to be used (as noted in the column at right).

Many hi-fi equipment owners are already familiar with the term "multiplex" as it appears on the rear of late-model tuner chassis, along with a jack where the adapter may be plugged in. In most instances, no further wiring will be required. In some cases the selector knob on the front of the tuner has a position marked MPX, which will no doubt become the accepted abbreviation for the multiplex broadcast system. In many cases where this MPX marking does not appear, an adapter can still be used, providing the tuner is of sufficient quality to meet the FCC requirements. These state that the tuner should have a band pass of at least 53,000 cycles per second in order to receive full performance. This rules out some instruments, but accords with the standards applied to many well-known quality tuners.

Engineers identified with firms belonging to the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers, as well as some independents, have been busily at work designing and perfecting the circuitry of the MPX adapter. Some of the well-known makers, such as H. H. Scott, Fisher Radio, Pilot, and Sherwood, have active manufacturing plans under way. Some units should be available as FM stations begin to make program material available on the air in the next few weeks or months.

Among the first manufacturers to show a prototype of the adapter it will manufacture was H. H. Scott. Its forum at the Governor Clinton Hotel in New York in early May was widely attended by purveyors of components, members of the press, and an eager public. Questions developed by visitors were fielded by engineers qualified to discuss fine points of the new developments. First adapters will be marketed in the $99.95 category.

From Fisher Radio comes word of an ingenious device that has been developed to work with its unit. Called the "Stereo Beacon," it consists of a small pilot light located on the front panel of the unit. It monitors incoming signals and automatically alerts the listener to the beginning of a program transmitted stereophonically. A flick of the MPX switch and the listener is in business to receive the stereophonic broadcast.

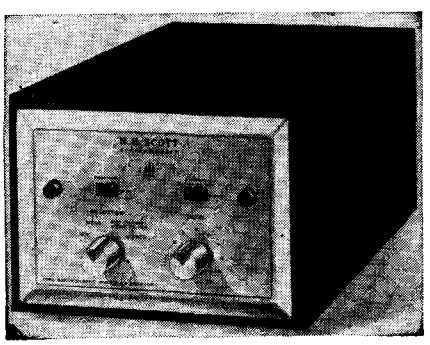
The Sherwood Company of Chicago has adapters planned not only for tuners of their own manufacture, but also for use with many other brands whose makers are not yet ready to produce adapters of their own. Other companies established in the hi-fi industry are in process of perfecting adapters for use with their equipment. McIntosh, KLH, Crosby, Harman-Kardon, and Stromberg are among those that expect to be represented with adapters in the near future.

The method of transmitting and receiving approved by the FCC will require some changes in the broadcasters' equipment. Initial plans call for approximately twelve stations over the country to begin MPX operations during the summer. Additional stations, on a ten-day notice to the FCC, will also start. Because of the quality results to be achieved by MPX, it should become the accepted standard of broadcasting among the leaders of quality FM programming.

One urgent consumer note: Great care should be used in buying an MPX adapter for home equipment. Differences in impedance, frequency response, and voltage levels are marked among the many brands of FM tuners—including those with the best reputations—now in use. The adapter must make a perfect match with the tuner so as not to degrade listening quality on otherwise excellent equipment.

—JIM CARROLL.

(Part 2 of this survey, to be published in SR's June 24 issue, will deal with specifics of equipment as it becomes available, and with latest information on FM programming plans.)



Prototype of an adapter (Scott).

Retrospect

THREE years ago (September 27, 1958) *SR* RECORDINGS reported on the first developments in the adaptation to FM (Frequency Modulation) broadcasting of the stereo advances introduced earlier in the same year for home reproduction of records. In conjunction with that year's New York Audio Show, station WBAI received permission from the Federal Communications Commission to devote one hour each evening of its FM programming to stereo broadcasting.

It was in such circumstances that many music lovers became acquainted with "multiplexing"—a discovery of the fabled Major Edwin Armstrong, deviser of Frequency Modulation broadcasting, that two completely independent audio signals could be sent out on the same FM carrier frequency. It is through the application of this theory that "Muzak" and other systems of subscription music programming have been distributed to restaurants, banks, shops, etc. One problem in the development of a wholly acceptable system of "multiplex" stereo broadcast on FM for home use has been to devise a method that would not interfere with the use of the same channel for the subscription services now established all over the country.

After exhaustive tests the FCC has, within recent weeks, finally authorized the establishment of FM stereo broadcasting utilizing a composite system developed by Zenith Radio and General Electric. June 1, 1961, was established as the date on which programming could begin. However, since additional transmission facilities are required, it may be some weeks before such programming becomes general or widespread. Some stations have previously provided a kind of stereophonic service in which one channel was received via an AM tuner, the other via FM. Needless to say, it is these "Good Music" stations for whose product stereo reproduction has special application.

Eventually, of course, it is the hope of those with wide-ranging musical interests that "live" broadcasts of such musical happenings as the performances of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Boston Symphony, and the Metropolitan Opera will be available in the same wise. It is an important aspect of the approved system that a listener tuned to an FM transmission will receive a full signal for his monophonic receiver while a multiplex-equipped neighbor may be enjoying the same program via stereo. —I.K.

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Twelve-tone for Everyman

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

"THIS record as a source of information about the twelve-tone system is exactly what many music students and friends of contemporary music were waiting for." So begins the introductory note that Professor Franz Brenn of Zurich has provided for a record entitled "Twelve-tone Composition," prepared by Vaclav Nelhybel and issued by Folkways (FT 3612, $5.95). A record perhaps—though *this* record is another matter—for nothing in recent musical history has been as much discussed and as little understood as twelve-tone music. The core of misunderstanding is a confusion of compositional technique with style, and an example of it is the widely held belief that the presence of twelve-tone technique will at all times lead to certain foreseeable artistic results, recognizable as a consequence of, and relatable to the use of, that technique. When a new piece is played, there is always someone who desires earnestly to know "Is it twelve-tone?" On most such occasions, it hardly matters what the answer is. The chances are that the inquirer has no way of putting the information to work. By itself it cannot help him to hear the music more clearly. It might, however, help him find the proper pigeonhole for it, and, it should be said, there are those for whom "twelve-tone" is automatically a certification of grace, just as for many more it is *prima facie* evidence of intellectual and artistic depravity. For the worst of reasons, then, there is a widespread interest in twelve-tone technique, something on no account to be confused with interest in twelve-tone compositions. To be sure, compositional technique is a legitimate area of inquiry for the serious student of music, professional or amateur, but I infer from the tone and level of Mr. Nelhybel's recorded demonstration that he has no such person in mind, but rather that half-informed, much pampered and deferred to, and, one hopes, benevolent being, the music-lover.

Dr. Brenn's introductory note creates confusion early by insisting that "twelve-tone" and "serial" are "identical terms." They are not, for "serial" is a comprehensive term, and "twelve-tone" music just one specific type of "serial" music (Stravinsky's "In Memoriam Dylan Thomas," for example, is strictly serial, but it is not twelve-tone since the series employed is one, not of twelve, but of five notes). After dropping some further information about the relation of Schoenberg's music to that of Matthias Hauer (whose name is misspelled), he bows out on a note of inspiration: "In the dodecaphony the human mind tries in its small area to master the chaos of world complexities."

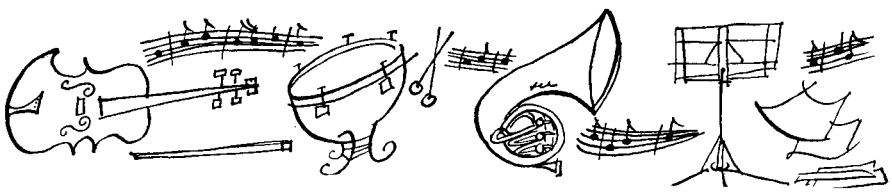
ENTER Mr. Nelhybel: "At the present time there are three different styles employed in musical composition." The three turn out to be traditional-tonal, electronic, and "twelve-tone or serial." Thus Mr. Nelhybel is also confused about style and technique, and that is perhaps the moment to give up expecting much from a guide who so early reveals himself to be so ill equipped.

Next there come three measures of music played by a woodwind quartet, followed by the narrator's triumphant "That was a twelve-tone series." It is no such thing: it is one particular compositional representation of a series. A series itself is an abstract ordering of the twelve pitch-classes of the chromatic scale: Mr. Nelhybel's three measures present twelve notes of specific timbre, rhythm, octave placement, dynamics, and articulation. That makes it quite a different story, and one of the first things the student must get into his head is that the series itself represents an ordering that can lead to many different compositional representations or themes. Nelhybel's error is a fundamental one, typical, unfortunately, of the carelessness that informs the whole enterprise. It is neither possible nor appropriate here to enumerate the author's several misjudgments, omissions, and distortions. Taken together, they amount to a considerable disservice to his reader-listeners in particular and to the cause of musical understanding in general.

It is most disturbing that Mr. Nelhybel's presentation nowhere makes contact with actual music: no composer and no composition is cited or even mentioned in it. I can imagine a set of records designed to clarify twelve-tone composition for the interested student. But such records should contain lavish illustrations from the music of the masters, illustrations that could lead to some understanding of how masterpieces as compelling, *and as diverse*, as "Moses und Aron," "Threni," Webern's "Variations for Orchestra," and Berg's Chamber Concerto are made. We have all had the experience of reading in program notes of a formal scheme or technical device that seemed enormously fascinating or promising, and then of hearing a composition of no interest at all.

It will take many such experiences, I fear, before we all realize that masterpieces are made by masters, that interesting compositions grow from interesting minds, and that the espousal or eschewal of any one technical device has little bearing on esthetic results. As for Mr. Nelhybel's arid little exercises, they provide ready nourishment for the idea that twelve-tone technique can serve a composer as a substitute for taste, invention, and organizational powers, and I hardly foresee that the Introduction and Allegro with which the demonstration is concluded will persuade a discriminating listener of the merits of "the dodecaphony."

THE record's reverse side is devoted to further debatable theory under the general heading "Demonstrations of Technical Terminology." Here, terms like tonic, dominant, consonance, dissonance, and contrapoint (sic) are defined and illustrated. I found that nothing was more illuminating to me about the nature of Mr. Nelhybel's musical ear than the illustrations he has composed for these quite traditional facets of theory. The narrator for the record is William Geib, and all musical examples are played by an anonymous woodwind quartet (a poor choice because it means among other things that we cannot hear the five notes of a ninth-chord simultaneously). On my review copy, the labels were pasted on the wrong sides.



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Recordings in Review

The Bright Sound of Poulenc's "Gloria"

POULENC: *"Gloria." Rosanna Carteri, soprano, with orchestra and chorus of the French National Radio-TV conducted by Georges Prêtre. Concerto in G minor for Organ, Strings, and Timpani. Maurice Duruflé, organ, with orchestra and conductor as above.* Angel S 35953, $5.98.

Perceived at more leisure than was possible when it was first performed by the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch in Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago (which, nevertheless, won it enthusiastic notices as well as a Music Critics Circle Award), Poulenc's "Gloria" loses nothing in impact or freshness, gains in esteem for the delicately determined values with which the scales of tonal weight are balanced. Here again one is struck by the joy of singing that animates the performance, meaning that it is indeed inherent in the work rather than in a particular personnel.

What appeals to me as impressive and rewarding is Poulenc's willingness to follow his expressive urge where it leads him, whether the mode is definably sacred, secular, *religioso*, whatever. As the late Villa-Lobos demonstrated more than once, Poulenc's "Domine Deus, Agnus Dei" proves that there are still beautiful melodies to be written, given the gift. Miss Carteri's performance is earthier, less ethereal than the one admired here by Adele Addison (as the whole performance is edgier, less refined than Munch's) but meaning does not suffer thereby, if tonal clarity does, somewhat. Largely speaking, Georges Prêtre fulfills the composer's purpose successfully, especially in the closing "Miserere," which is more closely related to what precedes than in the Munch treatment. It would have been more helpful to have a full Latin text than the few descriptive sentences offered.

Though this version of the Concerto is not the "long awaited hi-fi 'first'" attributed to it on the jacket (E. Power Biggs made an excellent one half a dozen years ago), it is well worth having as played on the organ of the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, Paris, by Duruflé. There are some suggestive indications in this work of 1938 of trends of thought also heard in the "Gloria," where, however, they are refined, purified, expanded.

Homage to Haskil

MOZART: *Concerto in C (K.415), Sonata in F (K.280), Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman" (K.265). Clara Haskil, piano, with the Festival Strings of Lucerne, Rudolf Baumgartner, leader.* Deutsche Grammophon DGS 138670, $6.98.

How many more unreleased recordings of the late Clara Haskil remain to be issued is questionable; hardly enough, in any case, for one to pass without directing special attention to its virtues. These virtues would seem accessible to almost any performer who gave serious attention to the values in the music she (or he) performed, who had the opportunity to be a pupil of Alfred Cortot at fourteen, and profited from associations with Enesco, Ysaye, and Casals. This, conceivably, could apply to a considerable number of musicians; but, like common sense, the Haskil virtues were by no means common.

Fluency, absolute equality of all the fingers, the ability to produce a resonant sound at whatever dynamic level: these are the musical coin Miss Haskil had to spend in such repertory as the works of this disc. A frail woman at best, whose bodily strength was hardly her strongest reliance, Miss Haskil was conditioned by nature to be a thrifty interpreter. Rather than allowing this to become a liability, she converted it into an essential asset of her style of performance, in which fine distinctions of dynamic levels, a curving plasticity of phrasing, and artfully articulated ornaments were applied with a gem cutter's art.

One is especially grateful to be able to see these works through the Haskil eyes and hear them as she heard them, for neither the concerto nor the sonata is among those most favored by Mozart players, and the variations on the nursery song ("A-B-C-D-E-F-G," etc.), for all their familiarity, are even less accessible in such finished form. Number three of the fifteen he wrote in Vienna, this C major concerto lacks the immediate appeal of most of the others; but it is nevertheless a work of absorbing refinement, in an intimate vein perfectly realized by Haskil and the conductorless ensemble. The earlier sonata (a product of 1774, when Mozart was eighteen) is the only such solo work to be available in a Haskil performance, more's the pity. Here, as in the "Variations," the refinement of thought, the justness of every accent, qualify Miss Haskil for inclusion among the truly great of her time. Very fine reproduction.

—*Musical America.*

Clara Haskil—"among the truly great of her time."

Prizewinning Carter

CARTER: *Quartet No. 2;* SCHUMAN: *Quartet No. 3. Juilliard String Quartet.* RCA Victor LSC 2481, $5.98.

The esteem that Elliott Carter's *Second String Quartet* has earned since it was first performed by the Juilliard String Quartet late in March 1960 (the Pulitzer Prize in Music that same spring, followed by the award of the Music Critics Circle of New York a few weeks ago) makes its prompt appearance in this recording of special credit to RCA Victor. For it permits

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whosoever has the inclination to be his own judge and jury of the music in the same performance that earned the esteem in the first place.

That this is the work of a master craftsman who knows his medium intimately is beyond question. That it has durable appeal for that part of the public which fancies chamber music is not so much a certainty. Thankfully, Carter has clarified his purpose by sharing the *modus vivendi:* an introduction in which the diversity of the instruments is exposed, four movements in which each of the players "enacts" the role in which Carter has cast him, and a conclusion in which differences are reconciled. Cadenzas link movements one and two (viola), two and three (cello), three and four (first violin), so that the nine sections are performed without interruption.

All this has the sound of an exciting experience for the performers, and the Juilliard Quartet gives every evidence of relishing the task. The missing element, to my taste—and I have listened to it three times running—is a reward for the listener. The idea of music as a communication from the composer to the listener is replaced by the more limited purpose of providing an occupation for the player. The end effect, for me, is the equivalent of a spectacular feat in team gymnastics: admiration for the physical skills deployed, but no particular involvement, emotionally, or profit, spiritually.

The associated work of Schuman (recorded when Robert Koff was second violin of the quartet rather than the more recent Isidore Cohen, who plays in the Carter) is another matter altogether. All it shares with the Carter is a similar high quality of performance. It is, otherwise, a strong representation of the command achieved by Schuman in his early thirties (the work dates from 1940), with a rich play of musical idea under thorough discipline.

Searle, Seiber

SEARLE: *Symphony No. 1. London Philharmonic conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.* SEIBER: *Elegy for viola and small orchestra. Cecil Aronowitz, viola, with the composer conducting; Three Fragments from "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Peter Pears, speaker, the Dorian Singers, and the Melos Singers with the composer conducting.* London CS 6196, $5.98.

Humphrey Searle and Mátyás Seiber are two names well known to readers of English musical news, or of the books dealing with contemporary composers in that society. However, though

(*Continued on page* 47)

The Solti-Nilsson "Isolde"

IS IT possible to organize a first-rate recording of "Tristan und Isolde" in a time when it is, apparently, impossible to organize a first-rate public performance of it? That is the question posed by the appearance of London OSA 1502 ($29.98). For all the heroic effort expended by a considerable number of people, the eventual answer has to be: No. And for the same reason that the international public is denied the living experience: to wit, no first-rate Tristan.

London's expedient has been to bypass the known Tristans—among whom there is not really a defensible choice—and turn, instead, to young Fritz Uhl, known to Central Europe as a capable tenor in the lighter Wagnerian roles, but unknown as a Tristan. The voice has a pleasant timbre, he is an intelligent performer if not yet a Tristan, and every resource of technology has been expended to minimize his shortcomings. There being no known way, however, of making him the singer he isn't, the end product is a great "Isolde" by Birgit Nilsson and conductor Georg Solti, but not Wagner's "Tristan."

This is all in the area of deplorable, for Solti's feeling for, and knowledge of, the work are as appealing as they are thoroughgoing, and his partnership with Nilsson is of an order rarely encountered on land or sea, stage or disc. Whether by reason of this understanding and agreement, or because the opera is assembled in a series of takes rather than performed in an evening, Nilsson's is an even better-sounding Isolde than in her best live performances hereabouts. There is more of the warmth and caress the sound possesses at its best, practically none of the penetrating drive it often has in the theatre. Whether this has something to do with electronic controls (filters, etc.) as well as sheer physical control, only those involved could say—and they aren't. It is a monument to her artistry, industry, and intelligence.

In the circumstances, however, it is a monument that towers over the surrounding vocalists like a redwood among birches. From time to time, Uhl makes a decent contribution to quality results—in the very beginning, in his conversational exchanges with Isolde, and even in some parts of the third act. But when the requirement is for him to match his voice with hers—at the end of Act I, and for most of Act II—the contest is not merely uneven: it is futile. All the tricks of balance and microphoning have been employed by John Culshaw and company to make a match of the mismatch, but the result is either to subordinate both to the orchestra, or to lose him entirely. His real lack of capacity shows up in "O sink hernieder" in Act II, for he is without the vocal discipline to sing the intervals properly. The resulting inaccuracy is all too hit-or-miss.

When all is going well, as in the passages for Isolde alone, or with Brangaene (a clever effort by Regina Resnik, as her range is short, her tones quavery for this part) or Kurvenal (a highly promising Finn named Tom Krause), this has the ring and authority of a great "Tristan." Solti is precise, flexible, intent, relaxed, almost always aware of just where the values are in the score. And in the Vienna Philharmonic he has a group of players whose virtuosity and expressivity in this score could be matched only in Bayreuth, and there hardly with such homogeneity of sound. Though Arnold von Mill is a rather ordinary Mark, the subordinate elements are always at least acceptable.

London's success in dramatizing its "Rheingold" for stereo has led to some similar effort in this instance, but the results are less impressive for two reasons: a) The legitimate opportunities are fewer; b) the manufactured ones are not convincing. There is a prevailing mood and continuity in "Tristan," an undercurrent of purpose, which tend to be disturbed when the chorus of sailors sounds as if sung at the other end of the "Queen Elizabeth" from the listener, or when Brangaene's Watch comes out of a remote corner of the room. There are, to be sure, many luscious details in the orchestral playing, in stretches of Nilsson's singing, and in some phrases by Krause (even Uhl at times), but the totality that Solti plainly has in mind eludes his realization. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: "Leonore" Overture No. 3; Rossini: "Semiramide" Overture; Weber: "Oberon" Overture; Mendelssohn: "Ruy Blas" Overture; Berlioz: "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6223, $5.98.	Each of these has a strong infusion of Bernstein's vigor, musical penetration, and craftsmanship, but as a totality each of the performances is crude compared to the best standards of the literature. Dynamic contrasts tend to be overdone, a fine statement of the first two-thirds of the "Leonore" is spoiled by an overhasty treatment of the coda, a lively Rossini lacks the delicate touches of wit it contains, etc. Bernstein's firm grasp of the playing personnel is distinctly evident, and some of the solo playing is outstanding. Fine reproduction.
Beethoven: Two Romances (G and F); Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor. Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Bernard Haitink. Epic BC 1120, $5.98.	There are violinists who play these works with more dash and intensity than Grumiaux (Heifetz for one, and Milstein for another, in the F major Romanza), but he has his own quietly persuasive strain of lyricism that blends beautifully with the violinistic concepts of Beethoven and Mendelssohn in these works. It is, moreover, one to which Haitink gives equal allegiance, resulting in performances that are a full-formed entity rather than merely well-accompanied soli. This applies particularly to the Mendelssohn, in which the Concertgebouw Orchestra rises magnificently to its opportunity (the first time, so far as I can determine, it has been recorded in this work). Top-quality stereo.
Dvorak: "Legends" (Opus 59). Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Senja. Supraphon LPV 311, $5.98.	Those who admire the Slavonic Dances will find much the same kind of musical functioning in these ten pieces, particularly those of the dances in a quieter, more introspective mood. The form is free, the ideas equally free-flowing in that mixture of gaiety and sadness which gives Dvorak more affinity with Schubert than any later composer attained. Here and there one finds suggestions, in embryonic form, of ideas utilized by Dvorak in his symphonies (the D major, No. 1 of the final five, preceded the composition of the "Legends" by a year or two). The fine sound of the excellent orchestra admirably conducted by Senja leaves little desire for stereo.
Gould: "Fall River Legend," "Interplay," "Latin American Symphonette" ("Tango," "Guaracha"). Morton Gould and his Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2532, $5.98.	Though a record contains only two sides, this one offers three sides of Morton Gould—a paradox contained in the views of him not only as a composer of lighthearted and of "serious" music, but also as a conductor. My vote is "Yes" on two counts of three—for the entertaining "Interplay" and the diverting movements from the "Latin American Symphonette" and as a highly proficient conductor of all the contents. Among the latter, however, I find less interest in the "Fall River Legend," which has too much the character of a sound track to be satisfactory without the missing "action" (of the ballet). Very good sound throughout.
Haieff: Divertimento; Carter: Symphony No. 1. The Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney. Louisville LOU 611, $7.95.	Haieff's expertly drawn work fulfills its purpose notably well, adding up to a diverting experience in sophisticated listening. Its substantive content is slight, but there is no indication that it was meant to be otherwise. In the Carter symphony of 1942 there is evident the same striving for succinctness and definition of texture to be heard in the recent Second Quartet (see page 40), though with somewhat more dependence on the idiom of others (especially Copland). His use of the orchestra is always distinctive and, in the finale, tersely invigorating.
Ibert: "Divertissement"; Saint-Saëns: "Danse Macabre"; Bizet: "Jeux d'enfants"; Saint-Saëns: "Le Rouet d'Omphale." Jean Martinon conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. London CS 6200, $5.98.	At first glance the contents seem oddly incongruous, especially as the Saint-Saëns tone poems each end a side rather than following one another. Thanks to Martinon, however, it makes both a lively and varied sequence, for what he makes one aware of is less the differences among the composers but rather more of the essentially French elements that unify them. In every instance, whether it is the lightness and bite suitable for the Ibert entertainment (written in 1930 as incidental to the play "Le Chapeau de paille d'Italie"), the relaxed flow of Bizet, or the insinuating art of Saint-Saëns, he has the means at his command to make it all sound like French music played (properly) by a French orchestra. Bright, clean sound.
Janacek: Suite. Prague Chamber Orchestra. "The Fiddler's Child," "Ballad of Blaník Hill." Brestislav Bakala conducting the Brno State Philharmonic Orchestra. Supraphon 10053, $5.98.	Early (1877), middle (1912), and late (1920) Janacek are presented in this trio of works, whose arrangement corresponds to the order in which they were written. Coherence was not a dominant trait of his writing, but the listening effort is rewarded by insight into a musical mentality of distinctly sympathetic qualities. The suite for strings is a happy exercise in writing for the ensemble utilized, and it is performed aptly by the leaderless ensemble. There are equal qualities of execution in the works for full orchestra. Passable reproduction.
Mozart: Concerto in A, Quintet in A. Jost Michaels, clarinet, with the Westfälisches Symphonie Orchester conducted by Hubert Reichert, and the Endres Quartet. Vox STGBY 511110, $4.98.	It is an admirable idea to combine these two works and, further, to provide Jost Michaels (whose name has no significance to me) as soloist. He has a clean attack, a good style, an attractive sound, and ample fluency. He plays both slow movements uncommonly well, though in somewhat leisurely tempi. This is subject for comment only because the fast movements do not have much animation, tending to the mechanical and impersonal. On the whole the quintet is more of a rounded experience than the concerto, for Endres has more of a leadership sense than Reichert.
Mozart: Concertos in D minor (K. 466) and A major (K. 488). Eric Heidsieck, piano, with Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by André Vandernoot. Capitol SG 7240, $5.98.	Two dilemmas are involved in an objective evaluation of this disc: 1) Would the pianist be considered worthy of a recording opportunity were his name not a famous one (commercially, if not musically)? 2) Would the same grade of playing seem better than it is were the name otherwise? This is clean, efficient, well-phrased Mozart, but hardly enough above the professional average to merit this kind of perpetuation. Save for a preference for slowish tempi (assuming they are his), Vandernoot's work is insufficiently commital to mark him as more than efficient.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherazade." Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Concert Arts Symphony Orchestra. Capitol SP 8538, $5.98.	Leinsdorf does not have a real affinity for music in this manner, nor does he have much skill in simulating the manner required. What may be heard, in consequence, is three rather uneventful movements, followed by a strenuous, overproduced version of the "Festival at Baghdad." This has its shock appeal to the microphone, but the musical values are limited. The West Coast ensemble plays well, with particular credit to Israel Baker for his performances of the violin solos.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Rossini, Comic and Comicker

ROSSINI: *"Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Gianna d'Angelo, Gabriella Carturan, Nichola Monti, Renato Capecchi, Giorgio Tadeo, Carlo Cava, Giorgio Giorgetti, with Bruno Bartoletti conducting the Sinfonie-Orchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks.* Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft 138665-67, $20.98.
"La Cambiale di Matrimonio." Renata Scotto, Giovanna Fioroni, Nicola Monti, Rolando Panerai, Renato Capecchi, Mario Petri, with Renato Fasano conducting the Virtuosi di Roma. Mercury SR 2-9009, $11.98.

Stendhal once said that Rossini, by writing out the ornaments he wanted his singers to perform, had created a revolution in music and composed operas with such immense technical difficulties that their performance was likely to be the province of a "lonely handful" of gifted artists. A look at any page of "The Barber of Seville" confirms Stendhal's observations, while attention to any standard performance of the work, such as the one recorded here, makes it apparent that for all Rossini's concern about the possible mutilation of his music, it has come through the years encrusted with traditions that alter its original shape considerably.

This tradition of irresponsible alteration began with the opera's opening night, when Rossini permitted the leading tenor to serenade Rosina with Spanish songs of his own composition. The proper music was restored the next night, but the tradition of tampering continued. Nine months later, Romani wrote an aria for Dr. Bartolo that for a long time superseded Rossini's own "A un dottor." The Lesson Scene became an excuse for a succession of tasteless showpieces that were substituted for the original Rondo. A trombone and timpani were added to the original scoring. And, of course, when the coloratura sopranos took over the role of Rosina from the mezzo-sopranos, additional changes were necessary. The *fiorature* pointed up instead of down, the order of entrances in ensembles was changed, and Rosina fluttered birdlike above the concerted pieces into which her voice had originally been woven. Cuts that confused a complicated plot became traditional. With most of the Balcony Scene removed, Rosina's daring in choosing to sing in the Lesson Scene the ubiquitous Rondo from "L'Inutil Precauzione" loses its force. And if Dr. Bartolo is not allowed to hint to her that Lindoro will betray her, her anger at the beginning of the Elopement Scene is inexplicable. Just as confusing is Dr. Bartolo's arrival with the guard unless the audience knows that Rosina has told him of Almaviva's plans. These cuts, added to those that truncate the closing measures of almost every aria and ensemble, form quite a sizable catalogue of omissions. They are not confined to this recording alone, but they illustrate quite clearly how far we are from hearing the work as Rossini wrote it.

WE are also far from hearing it performed here with the elegance and élan that it deserves. The fault is not with the young La Scala conductor Bruno Bartoletti, for he leads with great sensitivity to line, a sure sense of tempo, and a highly-developed knack for building orchestral climaxes. The fault, rather, is with the singers. For it is a curious thing that in this recording, those best equipped to deal with the technical problems of the music have the least temperament, while those who fit easily into the characters they portray are hard put to get through some of their passage-work. The singing of Gianna d'Angelo illustrates this paradox. Her lovely voice can pinpoint each note with absolute precision, and she runs up and down the scale and in and out of vowel sounds with never a break or a suggestion of change of quality. The light sound is always carried securely by the breath; the recitative trips from a flexible tongue with fluency and extraordinary accuracy of pitch. But Rosina is more than a pretty voice. She is a witch. Her mind must be quicker and her temperament more mercurial if we are ever to see why a blooded Count would want to climb around balconies in the middle of the night to win her. Convent ladies are common in aristocratic circles, but vixens are not, and no self-proclaimed docility should be allowed to smother Rosina's more tantalizing virtues. By the same token, some of the gentlemen who in this recording are most in character, such as Nicola Monti as the Count and Renato Capecchi as Figaro, might well take lessons from Miss d'Angelo in the care and precision with which she invests her singing.

Gianna d'Angelo—care and precision.

It was not as a revolutionary that Rossini wrote the delightful "La Cambiale di Matrimonio" but as a precocious boy of eighteen anxious to see a work of his on stage for the first time. He tried very hard, even lightening the orchestration to please his singers, and the result was a tidy little success that must have well repaid the young composer for the few days' work the opera had cost him. The success repeats itself with this recording, the first truly complete one in that it includes all of the music for the two servants. The plot, the tale of Slook of Canada, the old man who tries to buy a young wife, is as old as humanity itself, but Rossini through his geniality transforms a scapegoat into a lovable human being whose heart is as golden as his purse.

THE music cavorts through the opera, gently poking fun here, illuminating a newly awakened love there, pushing these silhouettes to the inevitable happy ending. And as if they knew that all would be well, the performers are very much at ease. With technical problems at a minimum, Panerai and Capecchi are free to indulge their talent for the comic, while Nicola Monti, who is sometimes bothered by the demands of Rossini's vocal writing, is properly ardent and warm-voiced. The only jarring note is Miss Scotto, whose rather metallic timbre and unfortunate tendency to flat in descending runs make her contribution less distinguished than that of her colleagues. But the highest praise must be saved for the orchestra. It plays this bubbling music with a precision, warmth of tone, and unanimity of phrasing that we have come to expect from the Virtuosi di Roma and to despair of in any orchestra that plays operatic accompaniments. Balanced perfectly with the voices of the singers, and beautifully recorded, it is the foremost delight of this most welcome reminder of Rossini's early-flowering genius. —JEAN BOWEN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albeniz: "Seguidillas" (Opus 232, No. 5), "El Albaicín," "El Puerto," "Malagueña," "Navarra"; Falla: "Andaluza"; Granados: "The Maiden and the Nightingale," "Playera"; Turina: "Sacro-Monte." Charles Milgrim, piano. Kapp 9058, $3.98.	By contrast with some pianists of his generation, Milgrim's aspirations and accomplishments are highly compatible: he does not burden this literature with alien values, he has developed the kind of percussive attack suitable to its guitar-derived figurations, plus the legato for its lyric aspects. *Spirit, sentiment, zest—all are present in gratifying measure. Uncommonly fine piano reproduction,* apparently made in a spacious studio with plenty of resonance.
Beethoven: Septet, Opus 20. Melos Ensemble of London. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60015, $5.98.	Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, and Cecil Aronowitz, viola, are meaningful names for those acquainted with chamber music of English background, and the best expectations of them are fulfilled in the quintet with which they are associated: Emanuel Hurwitz, violin, Terence Weil, cello, Adrian Beers, double bass, William Waterhouse, bassoon, and Neil Sanders, horn. Together they produce a performance that compares well, in spirit, ensemble, and excellence of sound, to any the work has had on discs. Now and then a top note gets away from Hurwitz, but the abundance of spontaneity in the playing more than atones. Uncommonly good stereo, especially in the bold microphoning of the horn, which makes its "presence" felt.
Beethoven: Sonata in G (Opus 96); Vitali: Chaconne; Brahms: "Lullaby," Hungarian Dance No. 11; Mendelssohn: "On Wings of Song." David Oistrakh, violin, with Lev Oborin (Beethoven) and Vladimir Yampolsky, piano. Monitor MC 2042, $4.98.	Qualified performances of the last of Beethoven's ten violin-piano sonatas are never too numerous, and this one has some values not contained in the two others presently listed (by Heifetz and Grumiaux). It would have even more, perhaps, if Lev Oborin were a more flexible pianist. He has all the solid qualities one could ask, but they are a little rigidly controlled. On the overside set of pieces, Oistrakh's fine sound and beautiful phrasing are in the purest violinistic tradition, even to an overelaborate arrangement of the Brahms waltz (an anonymous extension of the familiar one by David Hochstein). Very good recording.
Copland: "Variations"; Shapero: Sonata No. 1; Gottschalk: "Le Bananier"; Dello Joio: Sonata No. 2; Gershwin: Preludes. Frank Glazer, piano. Concert-Disc stereo 217, $4.98.	Glazer plays all of this repertory well, and some of it brilliantly. Fortunately, that "some" includes the Copland "Variations," which, after thirty years, hold their place as one of the Big Pieces of this era. For structure and content they dwarf everything else on this disc, though the Gershwin preludes are uniquely personal and expressive samples of that composer's outstanding gifts. These are less in Glazer's line than the Copland, for he tends to overproduce them, tonally, with a rather unyielding rigidity of tempo. Dello Joio's sonata has a good deal of lyric impulse, Shapero's constructive powers are notably his own, and Gottschalk fits in well as comic relief.
Hindemith: Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2 (1937), Sonata No. 3 (1940). E. Power Biggs, organ. Columbia MS 6234, $5.98.	Hindemith's usage of the instrument tends to be objectively musical rather than essentially "organic," with the result that three works heard consecutively tend to a monotony of sound. However, there is a good deal to be said for each individually, and the most of what is good to be said for the longest. That is No. 1, which fills all of Side 1, and might be described as a "Reverie" on "St. Francis," for it utilizes some of the harmonic patterns and rhythmic traits that Hindemith employed for his fine ballet score of the same period. However, it has an atmosphere and tonal profile of its own. In the others, the finale of No. 2 is an impressive fugue, much of No. 3 (based on old German songs) pleasantly archaic. Biggs plays them all (very well) on the Flentrop Organ at the Busch-Reisinger Museum of Harvard, and the reproduction is brilliantly clean, spacious, and acoustically centered (for stereo).
Hindemith: Sonata No. 3; Barber: "Excursions" (Opus 20); Martin: Prelude No. 7. André Previn, piano. Columbia MS 6239, $5.98.	No fault can be found with Previn's estimate of the music in these works, nor with his ability to make the results sound convincing when real musical value falters from time to time (especially in the Hindemith, which proceeds more often from formula than from impulse). He is especially adept in the Barber works. However, one becomes gradually aware, as one movement succeeds another, that Previn doesn't provide the strength of piano sound or the variations thereof customarily considered suitable to such music. It would be mere hypothesis to say that this has something to do with his jazz orientation, but it does, in any case, leave lacking the resonance and power accessible to a concert grand and its pedals. Good reproduction.
Mozart: "Dove sono" ("Figaro"); Rossini: "Selva opaca" ("William Tell"); Boito: "L'altra notte in fondo al mare" ("Mefistofele"); Moniuszko: "Paria, on Paria" ("Paria"); Puccini: "Si, mi chiamano Mimi" ("La Bohème"); Verdi: "Ninfi! Elfi! Silfi!" ("Falstaff"); Rimsky-Korsakov: "In Novgorod" ("Tsar's Bride"). Stefania Woytowicz, soprano, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra of Warsaw conducted by Witold Rowicki. DG DGS 136229, $6.98.	By testimony of the sleeve copy, Miss Woytowicz is a representative Polish soprano of the postwar generation who has sung in the Soviet Union, China, and Germany. She is a musicianly singer, with something to communicate, but the quaver in her sound (even in so uncomplicated a vocal matter as "Si, mi chiamano Mimi") minimizes musical pleasure in the results. The accompaniments, in the Italian excerpts, vary from the traditional.
Roldán: "Rítmicas"; Harrison: "Canticle No. 1"; Russell: Three Dance Movements; Cowell: "Ostinato Pianissimo"; Russell: "Three Cuban Pieces"; Cage-Harrison: "Double Music"; Cage: "Amores." Manhattan Percussion Ensemble directed by Paul Price and John Cage. Time S 8000, $5.98.	Those accustomed to find percussion values exploited for maximum shock value will find a subtle trend toward understatement in most of these pieces. *This is not to accord them any more significance* in musical terms, but merely to endorse the inclination as preferable in terms, merely, of listening comfort. Sometimes, however, it is hard to know what is purposeful execution on a "dragon's mouth" or a brake drum, and what is merely intrusive surface noise. At best these are tinkly trifles, related to music as a herb shelf is related to nourishment: an assortment of ingredients rather than anything palatable in itself. Technically very good, of course: for the best techniques are very often recruited for the flimsiest esthetic values.
Schubert: Trio in B flat (Opus 99); Beethoven: Variations in E flat (Opus 44). Trio di Trieste. Deutsche Grammophon 138583, $6.98.	Dario de Rosa, piano, Renato Zanettovich, violin, and Libero Lana, cello, have much to recommend them as individual musicians, and they form a wonderfully unified ensemble. The levels of playing are always precisely maintained so that the piano acts as binder for the strings rather than a blanket. They have admirable feeling for the music, too, if one can absorb a tendency to overdo rubato now and then, or to linger rather fussily on a fermata or *Luftpause*. The seldom-heard Beethoven Variations are enjoyably entertaining. Perfect balance in the recording, as well as a superb blend of background resonance. —I. K.

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Songs of the Croatians

BEFORE I say anything about the new Monitor albums of Croatian and Dalmatian songs (MF 344 and MF 349, $4.98 each) I should explain something of the position of Croatian music in Yugoslavia. The Croats and the Serbs are the two predominant members of the Yugoslav (South Slavs) nation. Due to geographical, political, and historical influences they differ in character. The Serbs belong to the Greek Orthodox Church and use the Cyrillic alphabet, while the Croats are Roman Catholics and use the Latin alphabet. The Serbs, who live in the eastern part of the country, are more Balkan than the Croats, who are most "Western" since they were a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This explains a certain feeling of superiority which the Croats have toward their Eastern brothers. They point particularly to the cultural development achieved mostly by Croats, and with pride list as Croats all the following artists, well known in the United States: Zinka Milanov, her brother Bozidar Kunc (a composer and her accompanist), the ballerina Mia Slavenska (born Corak), and Milka Ternina, famous as the first Kundry and Tosca at the Metropolitan at the beginning of this century.

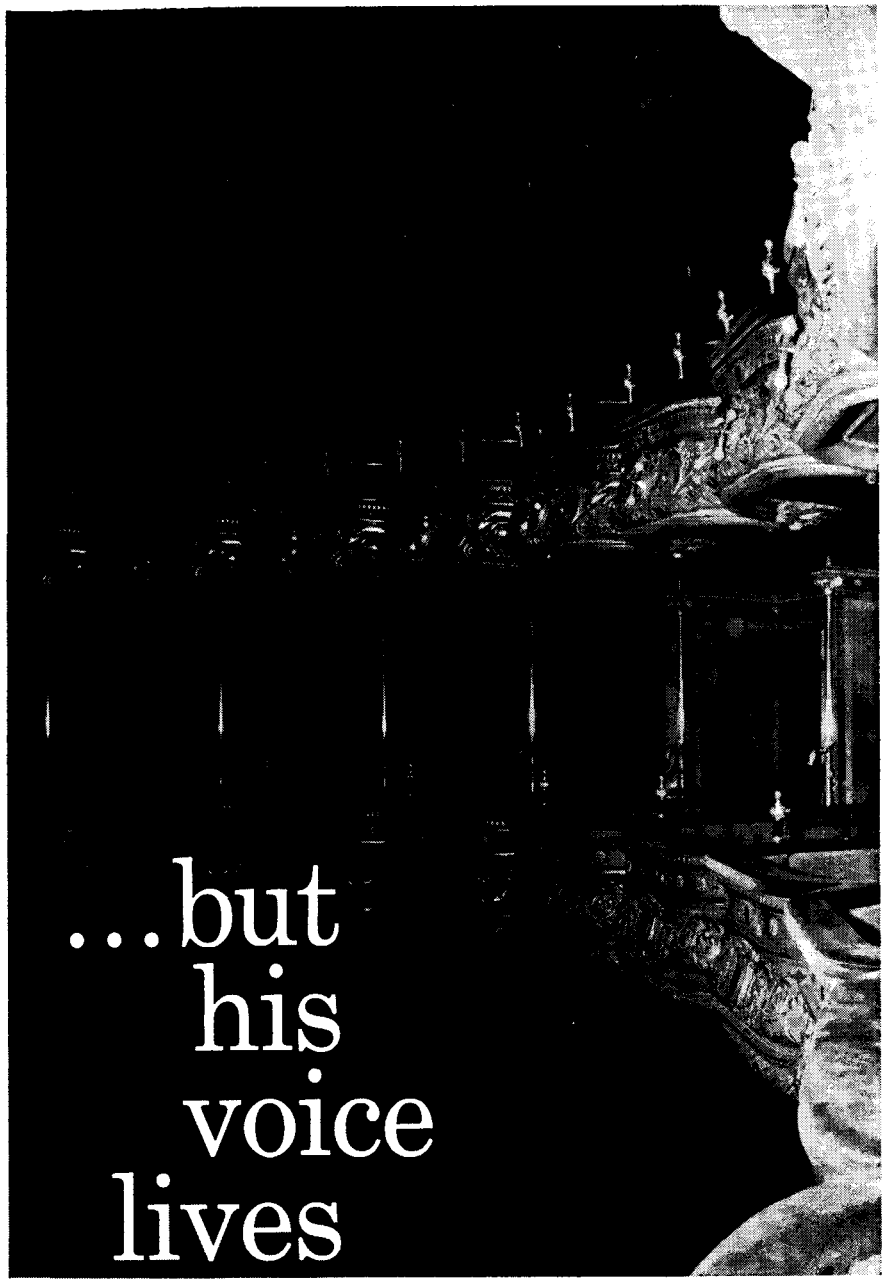
But Croatian music is less colorful than Serbian. While Serbian music shows the Oriental influence in its themes and rhythms, the Croatian at times sounds almost Austrian. Their folk songs are usually in four-four time, the slow movements in three-four time. Does one feel a Slavic element in them? Perhaps one would if they were not camouflaged by the decidedly German harmonization.

In this recording the Croatian folk songs and dances are presented by *Lado*, an ensemble that was founded some ten years ago in Zagreb.

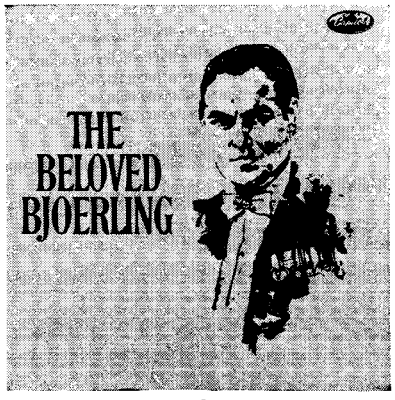
That the Dalmatian songs deal with the feeling of a Dalmatian for the sea is not surprising. Young men from more than 1,000 small islands on the Adriatic coast, stretching from Trieste to the border of Albania, become fishermen or join merchant fleets. Those who become sailors leave their homes and loved ones for months, sometimes years.

The Dalmatian Singers, a group formed in 1950 by their leader Peter Tralich, have made their reputation through their performances at international festivals; this recording is said to be their first for American audiences. Although there is nothing extraordinary about either chorus, both albums may serve as a useful clue to folklore elements in Croatian symphonic music.

—VICTOR SEROFF.



The final curtain has fallen on the storied career of Jussi Bjoerling. In his passing, the world of opera has lost one of its most brilliant performers. But the immortal voice of "the dominant tenor of his time" lives on through the medium of great recordings. Here are three magnificent albums by Bjoerling with more than 45 selections from the finest opera literature, plus a wonderfully lyrical group of songs and ballads. Truly collector's items. *Monaural only*



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Volume 1 Opera Arias G-7239, 1936-1948
Volume 2 Songs and Ballads G-7247, 1936-1953
Volume 3 Opera Arias G-7248, 1936-1945

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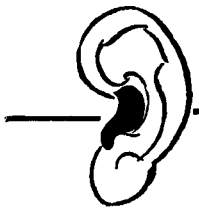

EARMARKS

Candid View of "Candid's" Jazz

THERE are signs, if a recent group of jazz records that has been brought to this reviewer's attention are at all representative, that the music we loosely call "jazz" has begun to manifest the plainest possible indications of having reached the end of a line. I refer to records issued under the imprimatur of a new label, "Candid"; these are grouped in a black box trimmed with an orange and yellow circular label and outfitted with a title that beckons: "The Candid World of Jazz." The separate LPs are: "The World of Cecil Taylor" (8006); "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues" (8008); "We Insist!" (9002); "New Horn in Town" (9003); "Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus" (9005). There is a sixth, "Otis Spann Is the Blues" (8001), which evokes the tradition of the hard-driving juke-joint blues shouters of the Thirties and Forties, and is therefore exempt from considerations that apply to other records of this Candid packaging (monaural, $4.98 each, stereo, $5.98 each). Nat Hentoff is credited with supervision of all the recording sessions.

"The World of Cecil Taylor" (8006) presents the pianist Taylor with string bass, drums, and one tenor saxophone (for two titles only). Judging from the liner notes, which quote from past comments made by various writers—Whitney Balliett, Dick Hadlock, Larry Gushee, Martin Williams, etc.—it would be hard to find a more talented member of the avant-garde of jazz. The terms used include "astonishing," "revolutionary," "personal *and* traditional," and "imaginative and stimulating." Martin Williams remarks: "His music seems to me so little a pastiche that to list Taylor's influences—even his jazz influences—becomes perhaps almost irrelevant."

All these good words notwithstanding, what this reviewer heard seemed to be an adequate but not very inspired or original series of improvisations, admittedly showy and bristling with technique, which may have been successful in projecting a variety of moods but which did not build to any cohesive or meaningful musical entity. If it takes only this to be hailed as imaginative and avant-garde in the house of jazz, then that house is indeed in need of an airing.

"Wild Women Don't Have the Blues" offers Nancy Harrow, vocalist, accompanied by a studio band led by Buck Clayton that included Dickie Wells, Buddy Tate, and Kenny Burrell. This time your reviewer tried a different tack. Eschewing liner notes, he took notes of his own. This provided material for an interesting comparison. Our jottings noted, in passing, that the Buck Clayton ideas don't come off very well because his efforts to reach for a lightly swinging, Basie-like rhythm are marred by out-of-context drumming which is tight and inflexible. And re Miss Harrow: "Ragged, uneven singing does not add up to guttiness . . . harsh voice . . . sounds as if singing above and against horns . . . voice is coaxy, tries at sophisticated bends in 'interpretativeness.'" The liner notes by Nat Hentoff get off to a refreshing start with "I will juggle no semantics. Nancy Harrow is not jazz-influenced or jazz-tinged or jazz-pollinated. She is without qualifications a jazz singer all the way." At another point, Hentoff states that the song "All Too Soon" "is treated by Miss Harrow with not a trace of coyness or bathos."

Admittedly, we may be up against a semantic problem here. Our own opinion is that Miss Harrow is reaching for things she doesn't understand. She is a fair singer. Yet she does not have the freshness of approach, the excellent voice, or the jazz feeling that would merit the rather lavish adjectives affixed to her by the author of both the recording date and the descriptive comment.

"We Insist!" (9002, subtitled "Freedom Now" Suite, one side only) brings together Max Roach, singer Abbey Lincoln, drummer Olatunji, saxophonist Coleman Hawkins and a supporting cast of musicians. The "Freedom Now" Suite is so pretentious and suffused with such embarrassingly bad taste that there is no need to linger with it, except to remark that Abbey Lincoln's screams, in the section titled "Protest," are misdirected in that they fail to draw compassion for the image of suffering that seems to have been intended. The purpose of this composition—to state for Negroes that "Freedom Day is coming in many places, and those working for it mean to make it stick"—is admirable, and our quarrel is not here at all.

The "New Horn in Town" is Richard Williams (9003). He could have stayed away. Again, we are dismayed by the fusillade of adjectives that is discharged throughout the three and a half columns of small liner type. Sample: "I Remember Clifford' underlines Williams's extraordinary capacity for sustained lyricism. Also, there is no bathos in this tribute." And that's a serious thing.

Again, the horn is adequate, the ideas are occasionally pleasing if not highly original. A personal objection of this reviewer is to the "hard"—tightly blown, tightly controlled—tone that is displayed. If the striving that produces this hard, tight sound were for cleanness of timbre and expression, and if these qualities were achieved, one might be more charitable about it as a vogue in style. As it is, "hard" tone in the hands of persons not particularly gifted with musicality can be as tiresome as the ricky-tick clichés that rode so much music of the Twenties to its demise.

WE ARE now confronted with Charles Mingus presenting Charles Mingus (9005). Mingus, a string bassist of considerable ability, may all unwittingly be among those persons whose areas of special talent leave them blind and even inimical to the talents of others. Anyway, on the basis of internal evidence supplied by this LP, I should vouchsafe that Mingus hates other musicians, other instruments. He surrounds himself with them; according to the liner notes, he takes them into various playing groups and encourages them: "he insists on a man giving all he can all the time. The goal is impossible; but it's always on the wall in the Workshop, and there are nights when Mingus hovers over his men like a brooding Zeus making up the final scorecard for eternity."

What does this Zeus produce? At the opening of the LP, he addresses himself to an audience apparently intended to be there, with a plea for no noise: no sound of applause, no tinkling of ice in glasses, no ringing of the cash register. Then the group plays "Folk Forms No. 1," and aside from the fact that there seems to be little relationship to "folk forms" to be traced here, it can be granted that the work is an expression of the city man's concept of "folksy" atmosphere. There are longish passages in which instruments are called upon to quack at each other in sort of honkish call and response that may be the point of this forced musical joke. And if it isn't a joke, then pray why do they honk so long and so loud? "When he is buoyant," we are tipped by the sleeve notes, "the bandstand becomes a picnic ground in Elysium."

—FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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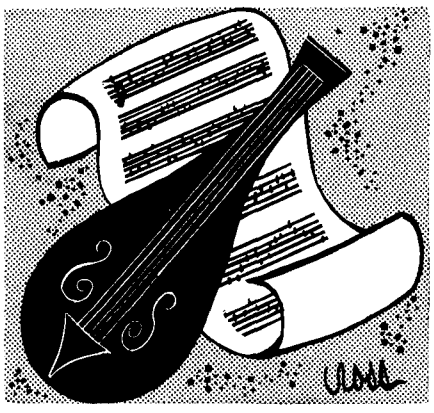
Recordings in Review

Continued from page 41

works of Searle (now forty-five) and Seiber (born in Budapest in 1905, and an English resident for twenty-five years) are both highly regarded at home, this is the first time that a general audience in this country has had access to their writings—and then as a result of the participation in the project of the British Council.

Whatever the reflections on the enterprise of American conductors that may be implied, the nature of the experience here provided tells its own story. When it comes to the quality of effort purveyed by Searle in his didactically dodecaphonic symphony, we have our own conveyers of the same (to whom preference goes if only because of nativity). "Same" applies here not only to the sound of the sinuous, involuted patterns, but even to the program notes—"The basic series is the tone row used by Anton Webern in his String Quartet Opus 28, which is based on the German musical letters for BACH. . . . The rest of the row is made up of other versions of these four notes. . . . Thus in fact the whole symphony may be said to be based on four notes only . . . a feat of concentration if there ever was one."

Seiber's idiom is a more flexible one, adapted to the purposes at hand. The "Elegy," if not especially gainly, is a clearly defined, tonally explicit expression, in which the solo instrument is deftly stranded through the netlike texture of the small ensemble. The "Three Fragments" declaimed by Peter Pears are typically expressive instances of a genre in which twelve-tone technics have an affirmative value—as a kind of incidental background for a "primary carrier," which is to say, a verbal discourse. All the performance values are excellent, though the "Fragments" are a little lacking in presence, and the words sometimes difficult to distinguish (no text is provided, possibly for reasons of copyright).



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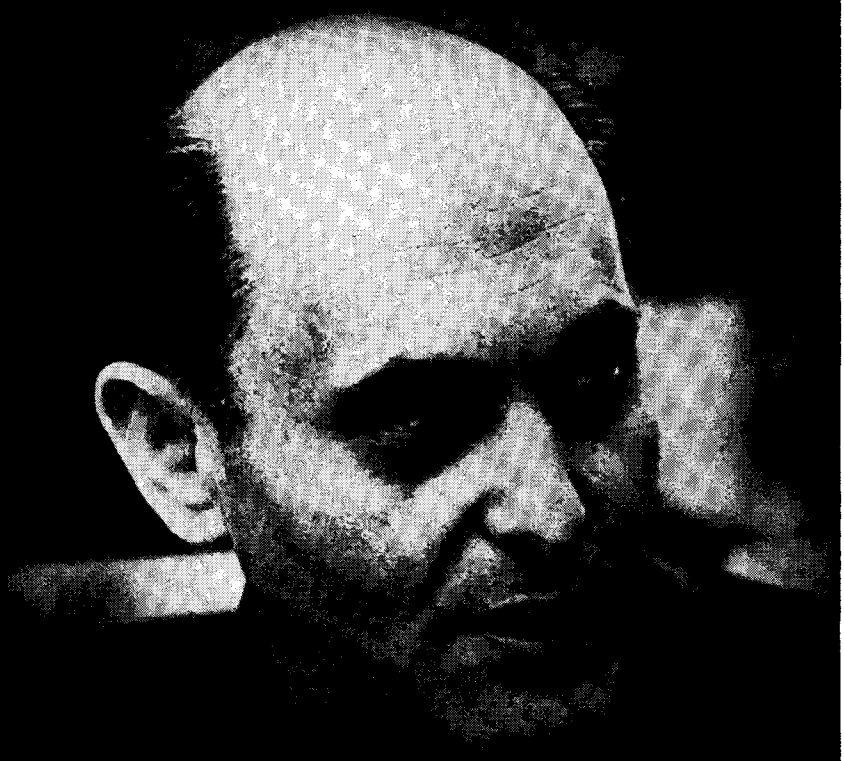

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THE AMEN CORNER

Barrel House to Juilliard

IT HAS been a good while since this column suggested a mixed batch of recordings running a wide gamut of jazz styles, but recent offerings make this possible, and I proceed herewith.

CLASSICS. The splendid, visceral early blues singing of a lady fit to name with Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith is collected in "The Moanin', Groanin' Blues: Ida Cox" with such accompanists as Tommy Ladnier and Joe Smith, cornets, and Charlie Green, trombone (1924-27 recordings). Included is the awesome "Coffin Blues," a lament over the lover's body, with Ladnier and Jesse Crump's organ (Riverside RLP 147). "The Bix Beiderbecke Legend" is a treasure for admirers of the legendary cornetist, here chiefly backed by the Jean Goldkette or Paul Whiteman orchestra. The program includes "Clementine," "Sunday," "From Monday On," "There Ain't No Sweet Man," "San," "Dardanella," and two masters of "Lonely Melody" and the "Changes" solo. Charles Edward Smith's program notes belong in every Bix file (RCA Victor LPM 2323).

MODERN TROMBONE. The master J. J. Johnson presents six numbers composed, arranged, conducted, and featured by himself, with Freddy Hubbard, trumpet; Clifford Jordan, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; and Albert Heath, drums. This jazz band is solid and subtle bronze, sometimes moving in 6/4 or 12/8 time. The lyric feeling is strong; one can easily imagine Miles Davis joining the ensemble (Columbia CL 1606).

MODERN CHAMBER JAZZ. A sensitive and various performance of originals and standards (such as "Smile" and "It Might as Well Be Spring") is given in "Gemini: Les Spann." Spann doubles on flute and guitar; his colleagues are Julius Watkins, French horn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Albert Heath or Louis Hayes, drums. Spann and Watkins both stem from the Quincy Jones band, which has been having fine European successes, and I do not think it is entirely my imagination that leads me to hear a cosmopolitan quality in this music (Jazzland JLP 35).

SWING. The greatest name of the famous "swing period" in this and many other books was that of Count Basie, and the finest recent playing that I have heard in the buoyantly propulsive mid-Thirties Basie spirit is provided in "Goin' to Kansas City," by Tommy Gwaltney's Kansas City Nine. Those stunning Basie veterans, trumpeter Buck Clayton and trombonist Dickie Wells, are aboard, and the others are Gwaltney, alto sax, clarinet, vibes, and xylophone; Tommy Newson, tenor sax and clarinet; Bobby Zottola, trumpet and peck horn; Charlie Byrd, guitar (a wonderful substitute for Basie's impeccable Freddie Green); John Bunch, piano; Whitey Mitchell, bass; and Buddy Schutz, drums. This is as happy a way as I know to revisit that ghost city, West 52nd Street (Riverside RLP 53).

BLUES. The traditional blues idiom also preserves its strength in certain dedicated voices. They may be getting fewer, but let us cherish those who still have the ardor (and a plague on those who fake it). There is a lovely ruminative quiet about the blues and guitar of Sam Lightnin' Hopkins in "Lightnin' in New York" (Candid 8010), and a barrel house vigor in the blues and piano of Memphis Slim, with "Harpie" Brown, harmonica, Lafayette Thomas, guitar, and Wendell Marshall, bass. In the best moments the interplay of this quartet can induce the kind of indigo trance that I think of as one of the prime pleasures of American artistry (Prestige BVLP 1018). When it comes to "shouting" blues with jazz band, I give the palm, among male voices, to the historic Jimmy Rushing. His new disc not only includes numbers made famous by Bessie, Clara, Mamie, and Trixie Smith, but he is accompanied by a beribboned old guard including Buck Clayton, trumpet; Claude Hopkins, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Dicky Wells or Benny Morton, trombone; and Everett Barksdale, guitar. I can find no mention of the drummer's name, but he is there (Columbia CL 1605).

PIANO. The word "touch" is not often used in discussions of jazz pianism, partly, I suspect, because so few jazz pianists or their admirers care about any quality that might be so described. Among jazz men, of all the elements of piano playing, the subtleties of dynamics have received the shortest shrift. These possibilities, for instance, were virtually ignored in the music of the jazz demigod Art Tatum. But dynamic shading is naturally conspicuous in the music of Dick Morgan, one of the most expressive jazz pianists now recording. He is warmly and soberly inventive, and he has excellent support from Keter Betts, bass, and Bertell Knox, drums (Riverside RLP 347).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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American Song, American Singers

LESTER TRIMBLE: *"Four Fragments from the Canterbury Tales." Adele Addison, soprano; Robert Conant, harpsichord; Charles Russo, clarinet; Martin Orenstein, flute;* THEODORE CHANLER: *"Nine Epitaphs." Phyllis Curtin, soprano; F. Ryan Edwards, piano.* Columbia ML 5598, $4.98; MS 6198, $5.98.

THE NAMES of Theodore Chanler and Lester Trimble are not yet among the most well known of American composers. But it is doubtful that any of their better-known colleagues could have created more satisfying musical settings of these "Fragments" of Chaucer and "Epitaphs" of Walter de la Mare.

Trimble has taken four Chaucerian texts and woven them into a chamber cantata in a deliciously piquant manner. There is wit, tender lyricism, and a gay, springlike joyousness. Seldom does a new contemporary work afford so much pleasure. The "accoutrements of spring are ever present," composer Trimble tells us. The prologue is based on Chaucer's opening lines, "Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote, the droughte of March hath perced to the roote . . ." The two central songs deal with *a Knyght* and *a Young Squier;* they are father and son, and the latter is described in this way by Chaucer: "So hoote he lovede that by nyghtertale, he sleep namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale."

Trimble's skilful blending of instruments, and the superb singing of Adele Addison, give a warmly archaic tinge to the proceedings. All is subtle, fresh, and bright. English—Chaucerian English, that is—being a relatively foreign language, is difficult to understand at best and a complete text would have enhanced pleasure here.

In the case of de la Mare's "Epitaphs" the need is even greater, though they are in plain English, albeit folksy. Chanler has turned these slightly quaint texts into some of the most charming American songs. But surely they were meant to be understood. Soprano Phyllis Curtin has a naturally beautiful voice and she sings with fine regard for vocal line, tonal quality, and all of the other aspects of good vocalism. But one really does not get the message, and such electronic marvels as stereo, resonance, liveness, and the like avail little. Chanler's songs have a naturalness and simplicity that distinguish them. I can think of no other composer with a greater affinity for setting American songs in so individual and appropriate a manner.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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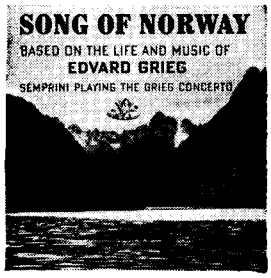

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THE OTHER SIDE

"Lady Chatterley's" Trial Re-enacted

LONDON.

PYE RECORDS, which has scarcely ventured outside the lucrative area of pops since its abortive effort to be first in Britain with stereo, is responsible for an important new series mainly devoted to the spoken word, under the title "Pye Plus Nonesuch Records." Notable for their sumptuous presentation in padded, gold-tooled, imitation leather albums, and for their high price (55*s*., or nearly $8, for each single-disc album), these twelve-inch discs—mono only—are pressed in a new material with the quietest surfaces I have yet encountered.

This first "Nonesuch" release comprises five recitals and one two-disc "documentary." The latter, entitled "The Trial of Lady Chatterley," is a dramatized reconstruction of last autumn's historic test case, "Regina versus Penguin Books, Ltd."—the first prosecution of an important book under the new Obscene Publications Act of 1959 (which made it permissible to put forward a defense of "literary merit"). At the end of the six-day hearing, a jury acquitted Penguin Books of the charge of having published an obscene article, viz. the unexpurgated edition of D. H. Lawrence's novel "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Although the relish with which some of the press reported the action must be attributed to the nature of the subject, not to mention the frequent references in court to "old Anglo-Saxon four-letter words," the case had an importance far transcending the question of Constance Chatterley's morals. Penguin Books had deliberately courted prosecution to test the workings of the new act and thus to establish a precedent.

For the purposes of this recording, the trial has been skilfully condensed from the official court transcripts by C. H. Rolph, while John Chandos, general editor of the Nonesuch series, fills in the inevitable gaps as narrator. At the outset we hear the beautifully modulated voice of Lord Birkett, who until his recent retirement graced the Bar as advocate and, subsequently, as judge. His introductory remarks fill in the background to an astonishing trial in which the real defendant in an otherwise empty dock was the shadow of a fictitious character. A fine cast, including Maurice Denham as Mervyn Griffith-Jones, Counsel for the Prosecution, Michael Hordern as Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., Counsel for the Defense, and John Le Mesurier as Justice Byrne, bring the proceedings vividly to life, and I cannot imagine that this excellent recording (priced at only 75*s*., thus underlining the costliness of the packaging in the case of other, single-disc issues in the series!) could fail to hold the attention of anyone interested in literature and the law.

For the rest, the Nonesuch list offers an attractive and varied bill of fare. London is the heroine of a poetic anthology entitled "The Mighty Heart," in which the use of two readers—Barbara Jefford and John Neville—insures that any feeling of monotony shall be avoided; the other discs set off the spoken word with music to similar purpose. Outstanding among these is "Aspects of Women," a sequence of poetry and music performed by Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Ossian Ellis, while Pamela Brown and the Elizabethan Consort of Viols contribute a thoroughly beguiling seventeenth-century miscellany under the title of "Love's Progress." Poems by Federico Garcia Lorca are finely spoken by Marius Goring and punctuated with brilliant guitar solos by José Motos, while the sounds of a Country Dance Ensemble suitably frame four of H. E. Bates's "Uncle Silas" stories, read with great gusto and in his familiar rustic accent by Bernard Miles (of Mermaid Theatre fame).

I have no doubt that the Nonesuch label will make many friends with its attractive and admirably performed recitals, yet I sometimes wonder whether anthologies combining poetry and music really suit the medium of the disc. They are admirable in concert hall or over the air; records, being expressly designed for frequent repetition, ideally demand a greater concentration of material or, as someone put it long ago, "more matter and less art." Yet who can doubt that the more casual approach to record-buying that has developed over the past decade has encouraged the production of the kind of entertainment that yields almost everything at first hearing and, thereafter, is only taken down from the shelf for the edification of visiting friends? Most of these Nonesuch issues fall into this category, but they are certainly excellent examples of a somewhat specialized genre.

Turning to the sort of fare more usually reported on this page, we find

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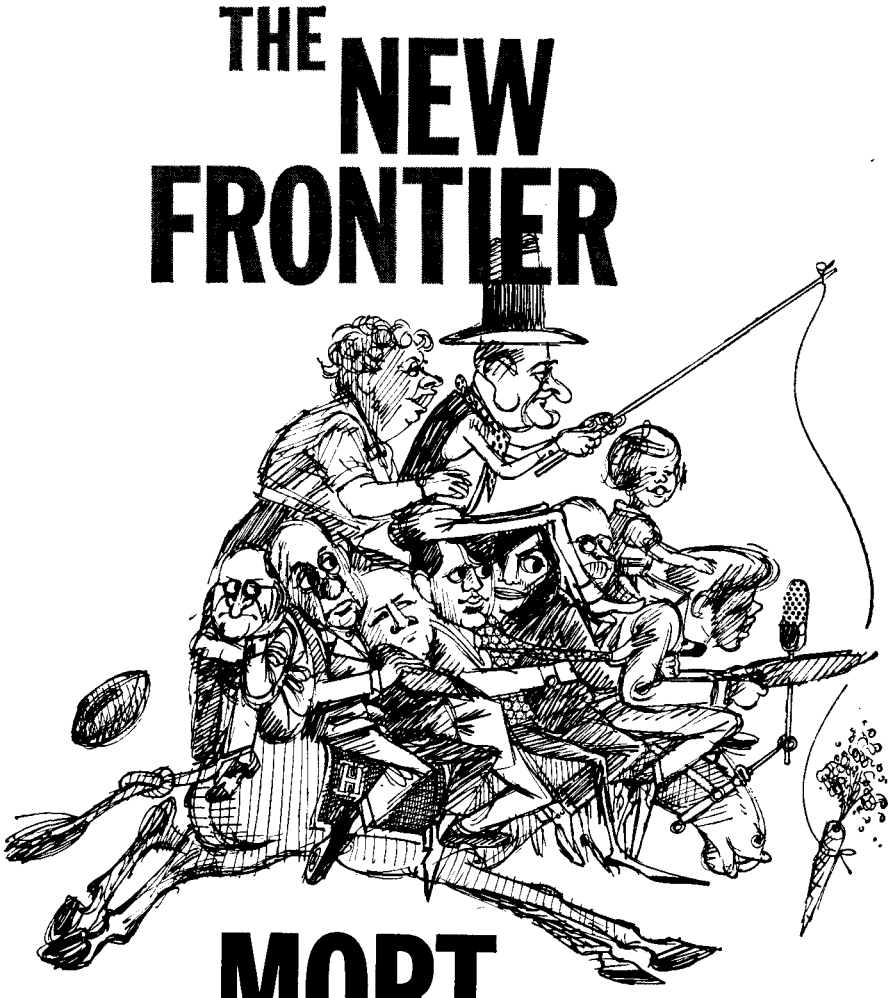
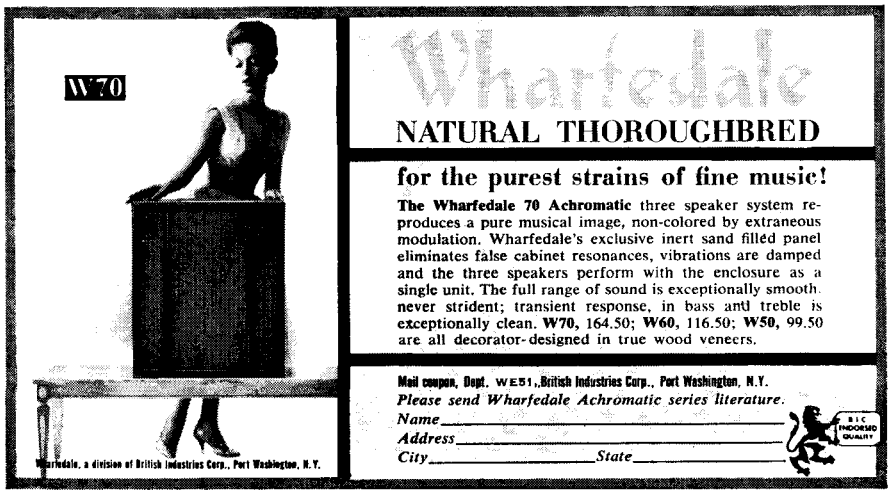
that Decca has managed yet again to put old, familiar wine into gleaming new, super-fidelity bottles. Ansermet has recorded Rimsky's "Scheherazade" before now on more than one occasion; his latest effort on the lady's behalf will not disappoint those who admired his earlier readings (though they may have lacked some of Beecham's sensuous beauty as well as Monteux's incisiveness), but Decca's new stereo recording offers sound of hitherto unequaled clarity and sheer sumptuousness. Not content with this, the disc also includes a sizable bonus: a fine performance of Borodin's "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor," in which the Suisse Romande Orchestra is joined by the Choeur des Jeunes and the Radio Lausanne Chorus (singing in what I take to be a French-Swiss brand of Russian), and superlatively recorded. If the latest Karajan-Vienna Philharmonic coupling—Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and Strauss's "Don Juan"—makes a less striking sonic impression (though by ordinary standards it is still a splendid recording!), this is surely due to the excessively well-groomed orchestral texture currently favored by this puzzling musician, whose recent series of Beethoven Symphonies at the Festival Hall (with the Berlin Philharmonic) dismayed many of us by its lack of humanity and the conductor's readiness to sacrifice the sense of the music in order constantly to beguile our ears with beautifully blended sounds.

Those looking for musical entertainment of a more lighthearted sort may like to share my enjoyment of a recital by Owen Brannigan and Ernest Lush—an assortment of folk songs, popular ballads, and drinking songs. Brannigan, a Northumbrian bass-baritone who has sung widely in opera and oratorio, is perhaps best known in England for his spirited renderings of a more "sociable" kind of repertoire. On this new HMV disc he ranges far afield, from "Song of the Flea" and "On the Road to Mandalay" to "Riding Down to Bangor" and the ever-diminishing number of "Green Bottles Hanging on the Wall," and sings with great gusto and genial good humor. The one element that makes this issue so unexpectedly enjoyable, adding as it were mustard to the meat of Brannigan's singing, is the contribution of pianist Ernest Lush. For many years a permanent member of the BBC's musical staff, he often delighted listeners with his witty, extemporized accompaniments in a series of Student Songs programs by the BBC Singers; in many of the songs on this disc he employs the same technique with superb resource. Not a disc for sober, solitary contemplation, to be sure, but great fun when you have company.

—Thomas Heinitz.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

UP WITH HAYDN

MAY I ADD my enthusiastic accord to Richard Freed's observations of the freshness and beauty of Haydn's symphonic output and his plea for new recordings of these works [*SR*, Feb. 25].

I would add two qualifications, however. Many of the deleted performances in Mr. Freed's discography were poorly played and deficient in warmth and grace. Several of the recordings made permanent performances that sounded as if they were exercises in orchestral sight-reading. I believe that this type of disservice to Haydn contributed to sales resistance to these beautiful works.

More basically, most of the deleted recordings were not only stylistically wrong, but uninformed about contemporary Haydn scholarship. The pungent flavor and crispness of Haydn's scoring are largely lost unless winds are doubled and continuo is retained. This is not a plea for small-scale performances (the Concerts spirituels for which Haydn wrote his magnificent "Paris" symphonies had an orchestra, I believe, as large as the Boston or Philadelphia orchestras are now), but a plea to dispense with false economies.

RAOUL GERSTEN.

New York, N. Y.

RIGHTS AND COPYRIGHTS

THE EXCHANGE of comments on the reproducing of historical recordings does not begin to touch the moral issues involved.

In the somewhat analogous publishing field, no one would deny the right of anyone to publish a book whose copyright has expired. Why should recordings be any different? If any publisher, for example, tried to retain a monopoly on reproductions of Van Gogh paintings or Bernard Shaw's music criticism (when copyright expires), the reaction would be immediate.

Although the EMI-RCA Victor "divorce" has made the reissue of historical recordings rather complicated, I fail to see any justification for making a dog in the manger out of Little Nipper.

Although Caruso and other early recording singers made tens of millions of dollars for Victor, RCA sees little reason for issuing these artists in LP form now that they sell only a few thousand a year, other than half a dozen handouts annually. The fact that these singers represent an immortal heritage of musical culture in America, of interest to vocal teachers and collectors, does not make RCA consider their release on other than the same terms as Jack-the-Ripper or rockabilly. It would be easy enough to make them available to collectors through Addison Foster, the International Record Collectors Club, or a number of other possible outlets.

P. L. FORSTALL.

Evanston, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is hard to equate the contents of an out-of-print, public domain book with the actual performance of a by gone singer.*

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"AMORPHOUS" LOHENGRIN?

IN YOUR RECORDINGS section of January 28, Robert Lawrence describes the Prelude to Act I of "Lohengrin" as "amorphous" and says that Klemperer "falls short of stirring up musical vitality where it barely exists."

Naturally, I disagree. I feel that the "Lohengrin" Prelude is Wagner's most brilliant orchestral composition. Perhaps Mr. Lawrence is eager to forgive Klemperer because he himself (that is, Mr. Lawrence) dislikes the piece. Joseph Keilberth presents a very "stirring" Prelude on his London recording (Bayreuth, 1953). It is paced very slowly, as it should be paced.

You and your staff should not let your previous predilections affect your reviewing. I, the prospective buyer, am interested in your evaluation of a particular recording (perhaps in comparison with a similar one) and not in the evaluation or criticism of the composition.

STUART EISENBERG.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sometimes the temptation to express an opinion is too great to be resisted, even for a reviewer.*

THE VERSATILE FISCHER-DIESKAU

THOMAS HEINITZ exclaims over the astonishing versatility of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, commenting that he has "yet to hear him in Russian opera or singing the blues" [*SR*, Mar. 25]. I can't vouch for the blues, but Fischer-Dieskau did sing the title role in Tchaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin" in Vienna this past November. The performance was in German, but I understand Fischer-Dieskau had learned the role in Russian for a recording that failed to materialize. If memory serves me, Fisher-Dieskau also sang Rangoni in "Boris Godunov" a couple of years ago in Berlin, also in German.

Since Fischer-Dieskau has recently collaborated with Victoria de los Angeles in a duet recording with the magnificent Gerald Moore, perhaps the great baritone will expand the scope of his versatility even further by borrowing some of Mme. de los Angeles's delightful Spanish *canciones*.

JOAN ABEL.

New York, N. Y.

GUITARISH GIULIANI

ALTHOUGH MAURO GIULIANI does not have a separate article of his own in Grove's, he is mentioned in the article on the guitar as the most distinguished rival of Fernando Sor. He was Italian, and studied the guitar and violin in his native Bologna. He settled in Vienna in 1807, where he came into frequent contact with Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Diabelli. He was in demand as a solo guitarist, and appeared in recitals with Hummel and Moscheles.

JONATHAN CHAVES.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ON "BING'S ELEVENTH"

THE EDITOR'S appraisal of the Metropolitan Opera's eleventh season, [*SR*, Apr. 29], was an incisive one. The accomplishments of Mr. Bing's tenure have been many and great, but we do expect more.

A look to next season is particularly distressing. The repertory is less venturesome than ever. It seems no attempt will ever be made to produce lesser-known French works. And only the promise of a Menotti work in 1962-63 brightens the gloom on the modern picture.

The number of new productions—two—is the smallest of Bing's regime. The number of pre-1950 sets in use—ten—is the largest since 1957. Constant use of such travesties as the "Gioconda" (performed more often than twenty-five Bing productions) defies explanation. And to have an artist of the stature of Joan Sutherland debut in the old "Lucia" is an insult to her and to the theatre itself.

The excuse of finances would answer

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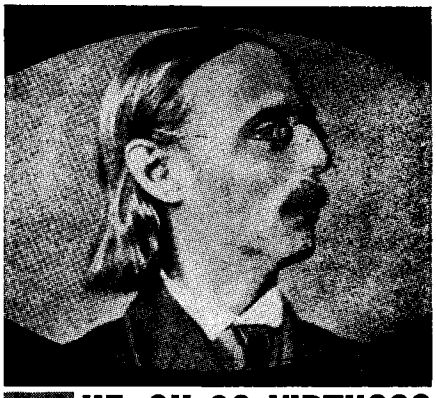

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many of these objections, but not all. Serious and now regular mistakes in judgment are ill omens for the future at Lincoln Center.

JOHN M. GEHL III.

New Orleans, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Four of the "old" productions are accounted for by Wagner's "Ring," which hardly can be redesigned with a new theatre in prospect.*

DO YOU KNOW whether there are available any recordings of Chick Webb and his orchestra? He was one of the great ones—but I can uncover no sign of a recording.

CURTIS C. PAGE.

Des Moines, Ia.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 3, 1, 6, 10, 7, 2, 9, 8, 4.

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By Paul Petrie

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and foot whistling
the Devil's the man to beat;
and Time with his scythe and beard
helicopting the air
is hell on wheels.

Their handicaps are fables.
Just when you think
they are passed for good,
the flats before you
unbroken by dust
behind, black hooves
thunder—Lap Two!

To sit and watch
them flying over,
Ridiculous tail and beard,
the rim of the world
would seem the defeat of failure.

But silence has its own gait,
and the stones are racers.
You run as you've never
run in your life before.

One view of Heaven
is a burst of speed so great
they are always racing
at the edge of your eyes,
their tongues white flags,
their faces stretched and gray,
their footsteps fading
into the whorls of the past,
those heroic losers.

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FREE COFFEE BOOKLET, "Determine Your Personally Gratifying Blend." 2 pound sampler, 8 different coffees, $2. Customblend, 203 Southmountain, Millburn, New Jersey.

WINTER IN FLORIDA—Wanted, young woman, experienced in camp counseling, with knowledge of sports, non-smoker, for 8 or 12 month position with small group of girls in Florida. Box S-902.

IRISH AND BRITISH Mothers' Helps available. International Agency, 7 Montague Street, Dublin, Ireland.

CULTURED young woman teacher desires position as secretary-governess. Will travel. Box S-891.

WANTED: Stimulating, creative position, NYC, woman, 24, two years' teaching. Box S-930.

TENNIS PLAYERS. Enjoy the funniest book about tennis ever written. Send for Axel Kaufmann's "Pardon Me, Your Forehand Is Showing." Humorous articles, stories, poems, cartoons. Paperback edition $1, autographed copy $1.50, hardcover $2. P.O. Box 1123, Boston 3, Massachusetts.

ROMANCE LANGUAGE graduate student, 25, female, desires summer employment anywhere. Bilingual, Spanish, English. Box S-917.

COLLEGE JUNIOR, male, desires summer camp employment, advisor, counselor, anywhere west of Rockies. Wish moderate time for writing, pay is secondary. Box S-856.

NYC CULTURAL EVENTS—Biweekly pocket-size compilation. Lectures, interesting activities—many unpublicized—never before summarized. $1—3 month subscription. Box S-940.

ADULT RETIREMENT HOME, recently established, offers excellent care and food, private, cheerful rooms in charming surroundings, residential town, State Licensed. Summer residency arranged. New London Manor, New London, New Hampshire.

(Continued on page 56)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 55)

WANTED: Secretary, excellent skills, advertising background for important New York publishing operation. Box S-785.

LIVE MINIATURE ORANGE TREE—Calamondin—indoor bearing with fruit growing. $2.50 delivered. Airport Florist, Miami International Airport, Miami 59, Florida.

EX-FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER, 36, author, unencumbered. Likes words, ideas, people. What have you? Box S-425.

REGISTERED NURSE, mature, with cultural, musical background, desires position traveling to Europe, India, Orient. Box S-728.

EXPEDITION PHOTOGRAPHY on location anywhere. Former Disney cameraman. Box S-433.

YOUNG MAN interested travel position—Europe, Orient, Africa—with older people. Fluent Spanish. Box S-873.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

GGREG ACCESSORIES has a most diversified stock of accessories for foreign and sports cars. We are devoted to three concepts: quality, service and low price. Write for your price list. Department RS-1, 125 Lincoln Highway, Fairless Hills, Pennsylvania.

SUMMER TUTORING position wanted by Yale student. Write Box S-943.

WRITE YOUR Congressman lately? Everyman's Lobby will help you overcome that old inertia by sending you, each month Congress is in session, a combination letter-envelope, pre-addressed and ready for noting your comments and quick mailing to your Congressman. An accompanying legislation schedule will keep you informed of major issues before Congress—AND—at the end of each session you will receive the voting records of your Senators and Representative. Send $2.00 for one year's service, $5.00 for three years' to Everyman's Lobby, Box 1970, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

INTELLIGENT, EXPERIENCED, versatile coed wishes home with family in Europe exchanged for services. Loves children. Available late summer on. Time for study, travel desired. Box S-888.

CAROL BROWN, Putney, Vermont, will be happy to show you her collection of fabrics by the yard; coats and capes for men and women; unbelievably beautiful blankets.

YOUNG MAN will share charming, convenient, mid-eighteenth century home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, with gentleman. Summer/weekends. Box S-907.

CHILD'S NURSE desires summer position traveling with family caring for children. References. Box S-918.

SMITH GRADUATE, cum laude. Four years experience Personnel Manager. Seeks interesting work: Personnel/staff assistant. Box S-882.

"WALL STREET"—Exciting card game. Players buy, sell, bid for listed stocks. $4.95. Putnam Bookstore, 35 Wall Street, New York 5, WHitehall 4-6665.

CAPABLE COUPLE (both 26) wish to travel abroad. Fill any position. University graduate, wife teacher. Box S-896.

TWO YOUNG MEN, University affiliated, will share beautiful West Side penthouse with one other. Large terrace, garden. TRafalgar 3-6822 NYC, 9-11 A.M.

COED SEEKS summer office position in NYC. Experienced, responsible, adaptable. Box S-901.

WRITER NEEDED for collaboration on unusual novel. Love story, wartime background. Seventy pages, sketch ready for examination. Box S-886.

ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARY seeks position Theatre or P.R. organiaztion NYC. Aware, attractive, adaptable—with Theatre/Journalism experience, B.A. English, skills. Box S-936.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SCHOOL NURSE—for small infirmary in girls' private school, 20 miles from NYC. Pleasant opportunity. P.O. Box 308, Summit, New Jersey.

TEACHER, High School Social Studies, September through January only. Desirable academic public institution, North Shore, Long Island, New York. Box S-925.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES—Lake, Mountain and Meadow; build, remodel, or move in. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

LAKE COTTAGE, 2 bedrooms, bath, picture window, secluded, frontage. $8,500. Rheinstrom, Hillsdale, New York.

IN THE HEART of gracious living, eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay. Farms, lovely homes, lots, 2 acres or more. Paul Harper, Royal Oak, Talbot County, Maryland.

NOVA SCOTIA (Bear River). 9 room house, oil heat, fireplaces, conveniences, view. Retirement—vacation. Gardening, fishing, swimming. $6,500. Box S-847.

SCENIC PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE. Uncommercialized resort. Cottages for sale or rent, completely equipped electrically, nicely furnished. For Booklet, address: Pemaquid Land Company.

WANTED: Someone to love and finish remodeling very old Cape Cod near center of charming New England village. $5,800. The Kramer Agency, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

NOVA SCOTIA. Century old 8 room house, excellent repair, in Hebron (three miles from Yarmouth). Box S-906.

RUSTIC VERMONT, southeast. 6 rooms, facilities. Tiny, varied community, country road. Occupy while decorating. $5,000. Harold March, R.D. 3, Brattleboro, Vermont.

HISTORIC WATERFORD, VIRGINIA. Charming small Georgian brick house, circa 1790, surrounded by huge trees. Beautiful mountain view. Original charm carefully combined with modern comfort. 7 rooms, 2½ baths, baseboard oil heat. $26,500. Harry H. Huntley, Realtor, Leesburg, Virginia. SPring 7-3346.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Small country home, 15 acres, gorgeous view overlooking 11-mile lake, White Mountains. Secluded, blacktop road, six miles from Littleton. Year-round, oil heat, gas stove, electric hot water. Big living room, fieldstone fireplace, screened porch, 2 bedrooms, bath. Extensive plantings, trees, shrubs, perennials. Barn, large henhouse. Superb water, good system. Ski country. $7,500. Josef Berger, 48 Garden Place, Brooklyn, New York. TRiangle 5-4048.

COMFORTABLE YEAR-ROUND Maine home. 8 rooms, bath, cement cellar. Conveniently and scenically located on Mt. Desert Island shore. $11,000. Box S-946.

For Rent—Furnished

LONDON, ENGLAND. One year starting mid-June. 3 bedrooms, study, living, dining, kitchen, baths, walled garden. 15£ weekly. Box S-910.

For Summer Rental

ESCAPE from entanglements, telephone, TV. Large, comfortable lodge, private Vermont hillside, guaranteed to restore peace of mind. Available week $100, month $300. Bill Darrow, Putney, Vermont.

FERNCOVE COTTAGE COLONY, de luxe 2 bedroom housekeeping cottages; private beach, fishing, Lake Wallenpaupack. Write Mrs. L. Fine, Honesdale, Pennsylvania.

RENTALS: Monthly, seasonal. Private housekeeping cottages—living room, fireplace, 3-5 bedrooms. At Mt. Snow. Jackson Barstow, Snow Mountain Inn, Mount Snow, Vermont. HOmestead 4-3336.

BERKSHIRES. Five room, mountainside farmhouse on 425 acres available for summer season. Modern conveniences. Seclusion plus accessibility. Swimming, view. Box S-932.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

COTTAGES For Rent from $400 to $1,000 per month. Lawrence S. Robinson Co., Inc., Realtor, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

PROVINCETOWN, Cape Cod. Completely equipped apartments; terraces, beach, quiet. Box S-885.

SECLUDED COTTAGE for two. Screened porch, shower, near Lake Elfin. Season or monthly. Madeline Holden, Wallingford, Vermont.

SOUTH FREEPORT, MAINE harbor village 30 minutes east of Portland. Boating paradise. Waterfront, country and island property. Summer rentals overlook bay. Ruth W. Parker, Realtor, UNiversity 5-4944.

BERKSHIRES, near Tanglewood — Attractively furnished cottage, living room, 2 bedrooms, 4 beds, modern facilities. Beautiful grounds, private swimming. Weekdays, ORegon 5-3400, evenings OLinville 5-3803 NYC. Reasonable. Box S-881.

YORK HARBOR, Maine, Box 277. Colonial cottage, also apartment. Reasonable.

VERMONT—Cool, peaceful hillside. Comfortably furnished, remodeled farm. Inspiring view—every convenience. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room with fireplace. Grounds cared for. Pond, near beautiful lakes. Easy train, plane access. References exchanged. Entire season preferred. Brouha, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Garage apartment suitable two persons. June 15th-September 15th. $400. Box S-878.

WOODS HOLE, Cape Cod. 2 double bedroom home. 120' private ocean beach. Season or July. P.O. Box 717.

LONG ISLAND, East Moriches, on cove opposite inlet. Furnished year-round house, 4 sizable rooms, electric stove, refrigerator, bath, dock, garage. Wooded acre. $750. Box S-909.

NANTUCKET—Attractive house, ocean front, Siasconset. Sleeps seven. Mid-June to Labor Day. Box S-883.

ON HUDSON—75 miles New York City. On wooded private estate. Swimming pool. Modern 2 bedroom trailer set in birch grove. Fishing nearby. Season $400. Box S-929 or call Highland, OLiver 6-2306.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—Spacious modern Colonial on mountain top, beautifully furnished: 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 fireplaces, outdoor living room, large terraces, 100 mile view of White Mountains. Trout fishing, golf, tennis nearby. Reasonable rental to October 1st. Can apply rental on purchase of this well-equipped year-round home. Prospectus. Write Box S-926.

SHELTER FOR SHATTERED NERVES. 3 room cabin in the woods. Sleeps 6. Complete kitchen, bath. $340 month includes all furnishings and utilities. Reduced season rates. Beautiful lake for swimming. 55 miles NYC. Waverly Farm, Box 54, Hackettstown, New Jersey or ALgonquin 5-3433 NYC.

PRIVATE LAKE. 65 acres woodland, Dutchess County, New York. 8 rooms, fireplace, dishwasher, fully equipped. Includes caretaker. References. August $500. Box S-915.

ARCHITECT'S remodeled stone barn, 53 miles NYC. Completely appointed, Steinway, secluded. PLaza 9-4355.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

GREENWICH VILLAGE, NYC. Seven rooms, furnished. June-September. $150 monthly. Box S-939.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Furnished

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, responsible, desires reasonable apartment NYC—July, August. Box S-920.

Unfurnished

MANHATTAN—East Side—Terrace, living room with fireplace, bedroom; rental only. Box S-916.

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OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

PRIVATE ENTRANCE, entire spacious parlor floor renovated, air-conditioned brownstone. Manhattan—mid-town East. MUrray Hill 6-1068, Box S-928.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WALLINGFORD, VERMONT. Here you'll find companionship in retirement. Many and varied activities in and around our small congenial community. No time for boredom. Unusual building sites thoughtfully planned. Some open hillocks, some wooded areas. All have sweeping mountain views. Beautiful small lake adjoins, with private sandy beach. Churches, library, Inn. Historical sites, all sports, shopping center nearby. John Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

CAMPS

BACK LOG CAMP on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, managed by Quakers for three generations, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness in company with civilized and educated persons. June 30th to September 5th. $63 weekly, all-inclusive; reductions for families. Brochure. Mrs. Henry Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL, summer camp, co-educational, 10-16, on Penobscot Bay. Roy Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California, or telephone TRafalgar 4-5362 NYC.

THE APPEL FARM, Art and Music Center for Children, is a unique combination of fun—arts—farm life—family life. Exclusive group. Ideal for first time campers. Attractive brochure. Write Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

TEEPEE. Coed, 7-14 years. Relaxed, fun-loving camp with lots of music and folklore of different nations. We swim and hike, ride our own horses; farm chores, planting; and of course baseball! 150 beautiful Vermont acres. Julian and Erna Otten, 547 Riverside Drive, NYC 27, MOnument 2-3944.

VACATIONS

RESTFUL ISLAND RESORT, perfect for seacoast vacation, 20 ferry trips daily. Folder. Squirrel Inn, Box 8, Squirrel Island, Maine.

POCONOS. Outstanding studio housekeeping units. Beautiful estate. Write for informative brochure. The Robbins Farm, Saylorsburg, 6, Pennsylvania.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 21, Massachusetts.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, New York. Informal, rustic, beautiful. American Plan—Housekeeping.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open all year. Our folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER offers a craft vacation working with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

LIKE THE OCEAN? Your choice, hotel or de luxe motel. Informal, quiet yet near activities. Folder. Colonial Inn, Ogunquit 5, Maine.

VACATIONS

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

FRIENDLY INN on pine studded hill overlooking ocean. Interesting, exciting, creative guests. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit, Maine.

BE PATRIOTIC, yet enjoy colorful experiences. Stop outflow of gold from the U.S. Spend your vacation dollars in America. 25 miles from Yellowstone Park. Write Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.60 double occupancy. American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

CARIBBEAN CRUISING—Comfortable charter yachts; congenial captains, competent crews, captivating cruising centre, cool climate, conservative costs. Cable or correspond (airmail) V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons, St. Johns, Antiqua, W.I.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small, secluded, informal. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Folder.

HOLIDAY HOUSE. Castine, Maine. Waterfront hotel, private bathrooms. Request colored brochure.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Breakfast in bed. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June 18th to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

WILL SHARE hilltop home informally with few special persons of limited budget, appreciative of peace, beauty, old world charm. Mrs. Apolant, Worcester, New York.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

MEXICO? A Caribbean island? Of course . . . Cozumel. Questions? Ask about tropical living at . . . The Caribe Islander, Cozumel Island, Mexico.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy your vacation at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events; entertainment. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. For color folder, reservations write A. Gordon Moody, Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. Belgrade Lakes Region, Inc., Belgrade 7, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Delightfully informal lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open late May to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

CAPE COD country inn, Americana charm, hospitality. High Brewster, Brewster, Massachusetts.

PILOT HOUSE CLUB, Nassau, located on the picturesque Bahamian waterfront. 6 nights, 7 days, for $97 per person, modified American Plan. Air-conditioned accommodations. Rates also include art instruction by well-known American artist during month of June. Write or phone Charlie Jenkins, Jenkins-Gibson, Hotel Representatives, 40 West 55th Street, New York 19. JUdson 6-3070.

JUNE VACATION IN VERMONT. Private lake. Unique woodland setting. American Plan. Hidden Lake Lodge and Cottages, Marlboro, Vermont.

ISLAND RETREAT—Charming living quarters. Breakfast privileges. Excellent meals nearby. Ocean, forests, headlands. Reasonable. "Tree Tops," Monhegan Island. Maine.

FOUR SEASONS LODGE. Magnificent views overlooking Lake Sunapee. Rooms, motel, good food, AAA. Write The Gallups, Sunapee 5, New Hampshire.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath $45.50-$56 weekly with abundant food. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

SUMMIT. Sumptuous ski lodge! Special summer rates. Folder. Sherburne, Vermont.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Always cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

ASOLO THEATER COMEDY FESTIVAL in unique Sarasota, Friday, July 14th through Wednesday, August 16th. Only theater festival of its kind, presented in the only authentic 18th Century Italian theater in America. Seventeenth and 18th Century comedy and opera as originally performed. Sponsored by John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art and Florida State University. All this . . . and unique Sarasota's fabulous beaches, fishing and golf . . . artists and writers, architects and musicians . . . makes the Sarasota Vacation Area: Sarasota, Venice, Englewood and their Keys—most popular with people who want to mix relaxation with stimulating company. Family budget rates for summer. Write Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce for illustrated, informative brochures. P.O. Box 308R, Sarasota, Florida.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Spring on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. New heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-week cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool. 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 30th-October 16th. Color folder.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1961 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK nearby resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments. TV. Pool. Public beach. Free Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing at The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania. Brochure S. June 23rd-October 16th.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232. Open May 26th.

THE LOOKOUT, Ogunquit #2, Maine. One of New England's foremost resort hotels. New swimming pool. Beautiful grounds, gardens. Exceptional meals. Open June 25th. Color folder.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

CAMP CONIFER, for families or couples, Kezar Lake and The White Mountains. Couples $150 weekly. Peter S. Davey, Lovell, Maine.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports. Water Skiing. Sightseeing, Hi-Fi. Couples, family groups: $86 and up weekly. Write. Phone DEwey 9-5730 NYC.

SHANGRI-LA, only 2 hours NYC. Get away from it all at Vineyard Lodge, Ulster Park 3, New York. Free brochure.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on saltwater farm on Maine coast. Good food, good fellowship, and a coffee pot always on the stove. May to November. Minerva Cutler, Westbrooksville, Maine.

"THE SOUND OF MUSIC" tells her story on Broadway. Meet the real-life Maria Trapp and share the warm, old-world hospitality of her home—an authentic Alpine chalet 15 minutes from Mt. Mansfield. Hearty Austrian food, folk dancing, all sports. Write, phone; Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe, Vermont, ALpine 3-7545.

VACATIONS

THE FALES. Individual, modern cottages. Fireplaces. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. VIctor 6-4059.

STONEHOUSE INN, North Thetford, Vermont. Delicious food, Low Sodium Diets.

BERMUDA. For rent, charmingly furnished vacation home on Great Sound, Fairylands. 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths. Own dock and swimming. $200 per week. Box S-893.

ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS—Cottages at quiet beach. Write Village At Cane Bay.

UNIQUE COTTAGE AND CABIN COLONY in deep woods on an unspoiled lake near Tanglewood. No highways, towns—just pure relaxation, good food, Hi-Fi, sports, ideal hiking, unsurpassable loafing: Lounging patio, sunbathing floats, lakeview terrace, game room, card room, 1,000 volume library. 37th season! Lower rates to July 14th. Probably the place you have been looking for. No "dressing up," no swank, no juke box, but plenty of unhurried fun. Chanterwood, Box 31, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

PEACE PIPE LODGE in Central Maine. Scenic, secluded, spacious, restful. Modern lakefront cottages with fireplaces. Safe, comfortable swimming. All sports. Bountiful meals. From $65 per week. Write or phone, Litchfield, Maine. ANdrew 8-4471.

THE IRONDEQUOIT CLUB, Piseco, New York. No style but everything for comfort. Swimming, hiking, tennis. Brochure on request. Phone Lake Pleasant 6350.

TANGLEWOOD. Relax at beautiful estate. Secluded. Old-world charm—Modern comfort. Center of Berkshire vacation divertissement. Box S-937.

FOR THE FRAGMENTED PIECES of life that the hecticity of suburb and city forces, substitute the serene peace of the woods and sea on an Island in Time. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. June-September.

WANTED—Vacationists who appreciate excellent food, spectacular mountain scenery, flower gardens, books—and quiet. Mansfield Farm, Londonderry, Vermont.

REVIEW READERS vacation on Upper Saranac Lake—traditional expenditures—progressive environment. Harry Purchase, WAWBEEK HOTEL, Tupper Lake, New York.

TRAVEL

WESTERN ADVENTURE TOURS, low cost teen-age trips of the great American West, by rail or motor, some featuring camping or bicycling in National Parks. Brochure, SITA (Students International Travel Association), 50 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC.

JOIN CARIBBEAN CRUISE. 150 foot schooner sails to Bimini, Abaco, Berry Islands, Grand Bahama, Nassau. Ten days of adventure. $175. Sailing, fishing, skindiving. WINDJAMMER CRUISES, INC., P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach, 39, Florida. Miami Beach phone: JEfferson 2-3407.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

TOUR THE ALPS of Seven Nations by luxurious Swiss Alpenposten Motorcoach; really see England, Wales and Scotland on a 28-day comprehensive tour. These and 18 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1418

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To obtain by violence.	126 1 84 93 10
B. Own.	78 47 123 41 160
C. Great consulting engineer for tunnels under Hudson and East Rivers, bridge across Hellgate, etc. (1850-1935).	19 65 49 145 56 2 38 88 29 169
D. James Whitcomb Riley would not say he was dead; so where was he?	46 158 162 124
E. These have beaten in three-quarter time for thirty years (2 wds.).	32 146 114 161 99 143 86 106 40
F. Famous cape on SW coast of Holland (2 wds.).	7 39 85 14 115 67 149
G. Urgent; importunate.	51 163 76 87 105 140 54
H. Black viscid substance, intermediate bet. petroleum and asphalt.	12 89 108 137 22 74
I. Public disturbances caused in England, 1809, by an advance in rates for theatre admissions (familiar abbr. for 3 wds.).	26 77 55 118 164 95 4
J. Ancient papyrus in British Museum, on mathematics.	134 8 33 144 103
K. Shifty; elusory.	6 43 102 150 98 171 57
L. Contemptible; wanting merit.	91 27 113 133 168 157 129 75
M. First President, Republic of South Vietnam (whole name).	72 53 17 73 121 153 166 82 100 44 141

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Roricity (coined from elements in WNI).	3 23 36 30 18 139 16 92
O. The blaubok of S. Africa.	69 21 130 147 50
P. Orig. surname of Amer. novelist and playwright, Princess Troubetzkoy.	45 71 68 172 80
Q. Whose wings does the darkness fall from, acc'g to Longfellow?	34 159 155 62 165
R. Banner; symbol of power; naval officer.	142 122 79 154 35 101
S. One of Irving Berlin's most popular songs.	48 42 117 63 20 58
T. First Premier of Katanga Province.	61 128 120 136 24 151 111
U. The "money-plant" of old-fashioned gardens.	107 83 116 60 131 138 11
V. Social conversation upon topics relating to one's profession.	112 5 170 13 119 125 148 110
W. A "hop" popular as a ballroom dance after 1927.	97 37 31 70 152
X. The "day of the week" when we'll find everything that we seek, acc'g to Foss.	167 109 135 156 90 59
Y. In heraldry, thrust through; as a head through a wreath, etc.	81 52 132 15 66 9 94
Z. Elevate in rank; push forward.	28 173 96 127 25 64 104

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 A	2 C	3 N		4 I	5 V	6 K		7 F	8 J	9 Y		10 A	11 U	12 H
13 V	14 F		15 Y	16 N		17 M	18 N	19 C	20 S		21 O	22 H	23 N		24 T	25 Z
26 I	27 L		28 Z	29 C	30 N	31 W	32 E	33 J	34 Q	35 R		36 N	37 W	38 C	39 F	
40 E	41 B	42 S	43 K	44 M	45 P		46 D		47 B	48 S	49 C	50 O	51 G	52 Y	53 M	
54 G	55 I	56 C	57 K		58 S	59 X	60 U		61 T	62 Q	63 S	64 Z		65 C		66 Y
67 F	68 P	69 O	70 W		71 P	72 M		73 M	74 H	75 L	76 G		77 I	78 B	79 R	80 P
81 Y	82 M		83 U	84 A	85 F	86 E		87 G	88 C	89 H	90 X		91 L	92 N	93 A	94 Y
	95 I	96 Z		97 W	98 K	99 E		100 M	101 R		102 K		103 J	104 Z	105 G	106 E
107 U	—	108 H	109 X	110 V	111 T		112 V	113 L	114 E	115 F	116 U		117 S	118 I	119 V	120 T
121 M	122 R		123 B	124 D		125 V	126 A	127 Z	128 T		129 L	130 O	131 U		132 Y	133 L
134 J	135 X	136 T	137 H	138 U	139 N	140 G		141 M	142 R		143 E	144 J	145 C		146 E	147 O
148 V	149 F	150 K		151 T	152 W		153 M	154 R	155 Q	156 X	157 L		158 D	159 Q	160 B	161 E
	162 D	163 G	164 I	165 Q	166 M	167 X	168 L		169 C	170 V	171 K	172 P	173 Z			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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MASTERS OF WORLD ARCHITECTURE

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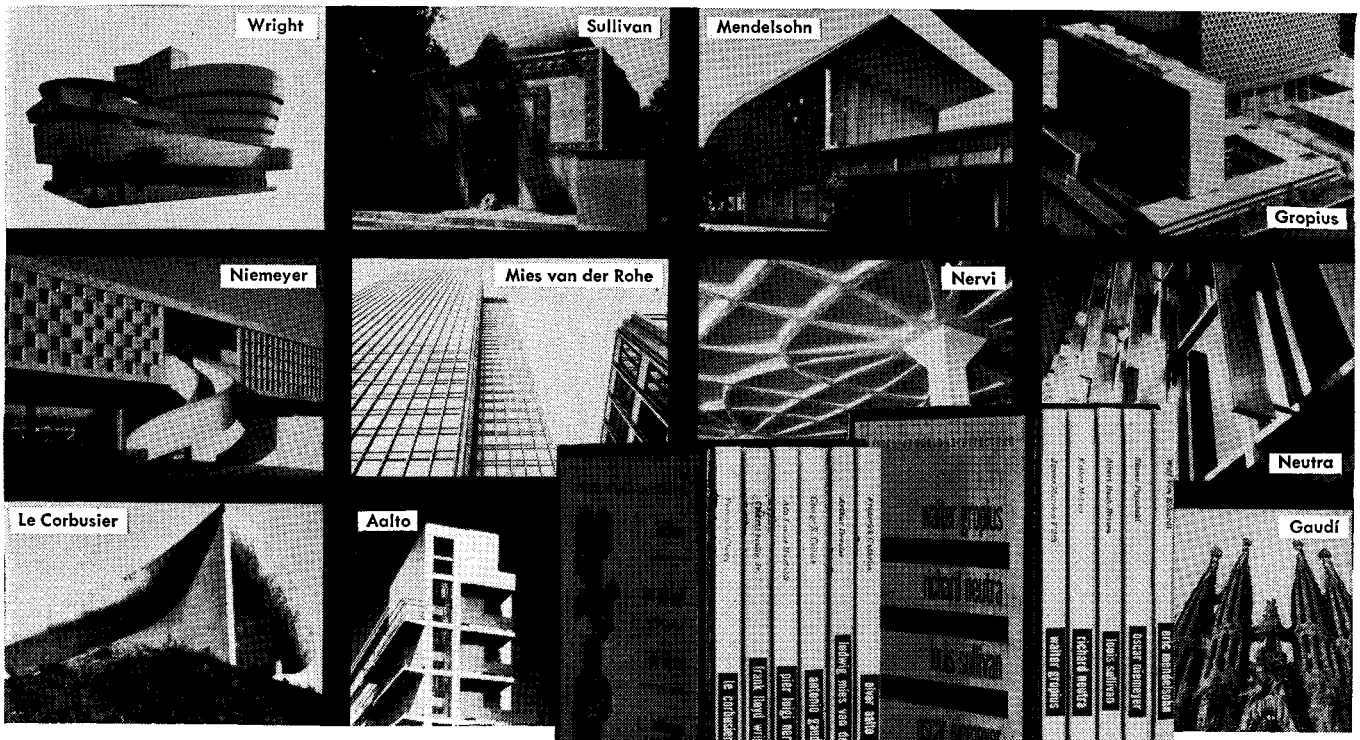

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